

# Henley's American Captain



By  
Frank E. Channon





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**HENLEY'S AMERICAN CAPTAIN**













ALMOST TOGETHER THEY GRASPED THE LEATHERS OF THE RUN-  
WAY. FRONTISPIECE. *See page 9.*











The Henley Schoolboys Series

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# HENLEY'S AMERICAN CAPTAIN

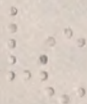
BY

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"Jackson and His Henley Friends"

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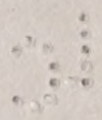


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Almost together they grasped the leathers of the runaway . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i> ✓
He charged down the attacking half, and bowl- ing him over, made for the three-quarters	PAGE 76 ✓
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When next they saw him, he was with the nearly exhausted man . . . . .	" 228 ✓







# HENLEY'S AMERICAN CAPTAIN

## CHAPTER I

### A DAY WITH THE DENBIGH HOUNDS

"VIEW HOLLOA! View Holloa!" shouted Dobson, with all the power of his lusty British lungs, as he reined in his big bay hunter, who was fighting hard for his head.

"View Holloa! View Holloa!" echoingly yelled Roger Jackson, Dobson's American guest, making his chestnut feel the snaffle-bit.

Almost from under the horses' hoofs a patch of yellow shot out like a comet from the dense wood, and was off and away across country before the two boys could draw another breath. From the copse came a mad clamor of yelping dogs, and a second later the pack burst into view — eight, ten, twelve, twenty couples of them, with great, lolling, red tongues, long, extended tails, and noses glued to ground. They topped the ragged hedge; they leaped the



fences; they wriggled through almost impossible gaps, all in a confused, mad jumble, and were away tearing down the hill in hot pursuit of King Reynard.

A scarlet-coated man, with a black velvet cap jammed on the back of his head, humped up on a great, gray English hunter, came whirling around from the other side of the wood. Another, and then another raced madly after him, and then a lady habited in dark blue, with a high silk hat perched rakishly upon her golden head, and behind her a perfect mob of riders in scarlet and black, all urging their mounts at top speed.

But Roger Jackson and Tommy Dobson waited not for these. As the pack got away clear, they gave their fighting horses their heads, and the thoroughbreds leaped off in hot pursuit.

Down the hillside of close-cropped grass, over the running water at the bottom, up the steep incline at the other side, and then across some ploughed fields, where half a dozen farm laborers stopped their work, and clinging to the leathers, restrained their excited horses, who were showing a decided intention of joining in the mad, racing crowd.

Three fields away across that breezy upland, all checkered by stone walls into its neat pano-



rama of squares and oblongs, dashed that escaping patch of gold, as Reynard raced hard for safety to the next cover.

It was an inspiring, a splendid sight — a sight to set the red blood of any sporting man racing through his veins — the Denbigh pack, mottled in white, black and cream patches, tearing over the uplands, the scarlet figures of the two leading huntsmen, with long, coiled whips, the two boys close behind them, and then the field — forty-five or fifty true blues, and a dozen well-mounted ladies, all galloping as if their lives depended upon it.

"We've got well away, Yank," shouted Dobson, as almost neck and neck the lads topped a high stone wall, and began to over-haul the two scarlet figures in front.

"Bet your life," yelled Roger, steadying his mount for the next take-off across a rushing brook.

Behind them thundered the field. From the van came back the tongue of the hounds, hot upon the trail.

"He's making for Treeback woods; it'll be a clinking, four-mile gallop," advised Dobson, in short, jerky words.

"We'll bring him down before then," Roger cried.

"Not much," denied Dobson. "A Welsh



fox is good for more than that at this season — Look, he's distancing them already!"

Master Reynard was certainly doing that. Already he had gained nearly a field, and the pack was commencing to string out, unable to sustain the furious pace. Three or four couples of old, seasoned hounds had drawn away from the main pack, however, and were holding their quarry. The two scarlet coats were only a field in rear of the pack now, and Roger and Dobson had raced almost to their flanks. A field would have covered the rest of the hunt, with the exception of two who had come croppers at the running water. One of the riderless horses went tearing past the boys; then pulled up short and turned around, as if feeling ashamed of himself. With a whirl, the field swept on and left him, and still the fox held his own, while the distant purple woods loomed nearer and nearer, promising him shelter and safety, or at least a breathing spell.

In a deep ravine the field lost sight of their quarry a moment later, and then the pack was swallowed up in the valley.

"Better dismount, Dob!" called Roger, as they raced up to the summit of the sweep.

"No, no," Dobson shouted back, already starting down; "give your mount his head, and he'll take you down."



It was a nasty descent, but there was no yellow streak in the young American, and he unhesitatingly followed his chum's lead, permitting his horse to pick his own way down. He could see Dobson slipping and sliding on ahead through a sea of mud and an avalanche of rolling pebbles. A moment later the English boy reached the bottom, where he pulled up for a brief second; waved his hand, shouted back encouragingly, and then made off again.

A moment or so later Roger, too, was safely down, and started away at top pace. Some others of the field had caught up with him by this time, and in company with a dozen good men and true, he galloped away.

Master Reynard, however, had suddenly altered his tactics. Finding, evidently, that the hounds were getting too close to be pleasant, and despairing of reaching cover, he swerved to the left; tracked through some boggy lowlands, then almost doubling on his tracks, headed back for the cover from which he had been started. The hounds were at fault, and lost him for sixty precious seconds, then, picking up the scent again, hunted hard up the hill, over the uplands, and down into the valley once more. He had almost reached his old protection when



he was headed off by a number of school children, who had walked out from town to witness the meet.

"He's in a bad fix; they'll kill now!" shouted Dobson, as Roger came galloping up.

Hard pressed, indeed, was Master Reynard. With the hounds almost on him, and driven off from cover, his life looked forfeited, but a bold move saved him. Doubling sharply, he ran in amongst the mob of riders right through the field, leaving the pack in confusion in his rear. In a hunt of lesser repute than the Denbigh, the hounds might have been under-ridden, but fortunately the field was composed of true sporting men, and, immediately restraining their mounts, they waited for the pack to get clear again.

Then a magnificent, unchecked run ensued across the breezy uplands. The two boys, light of weight and well mounted, managed to get away in the front rank of the field, immediately behind the two huntsmen, and almost on top of the madly excited pack, which was holding the fox to a field's lead. The pace was a terrific one. Reynard's only chance of escape lay in making the cover, three miles away. Both pack and horses were tiring, and it resolved itself into a matter of staying powers. Could the hunted outstay the hunters? The



lads were fast letting out their links and urging on their mounts.

Then suddenly, almost at the same instant Roger and Dobson became aware that some huntsman from the racing field in the rear was fast gaining on them. He was coming like a whirlwind. The thud, thud of the horse's hoofs sounded almost on them. Instinctively they glanced behind, and almost with one voice their shout rang out:

"Look out! A runaway!"

A runaway, indeed! A big, sixteen-hand, black hunter was tearing up to them with sickening speed. He had worked the bit out from his rider's control to between his teeth, and the foam was flaking his mouth. Leaning far back, pulling with frantic energy at the leathers, was a little, blue-gowned, girlish figure, her face set and white with terror. The great horse was up and tearing past the boys in an instant.

"Oh, stop him! Stop him!" shrieked the girl, almost wild with fear.

From the field in the rear came a thunder of shouts and cries, and then a frantic: "Help! Help! Stop him, please!" from the girl, as the maddened horse tore away.

Next instant Roger and Dobson had called on their mounts for their last ounce. Working



desperately with knees, hands and bodies, they raced after the runaway.

There was urgent need for their every effort. The black hunter in front was heading straight for "The Cloud," a six-hundred foot eminence, with almost a sheer drop into the river valley beyond it. The horrifying situation burst upon the boys at the same instant, and again their voices rang out almost in unison:

"Look out; he's headed for 'The Cloud!'"

Then nothing was heard but the wild "thud, thud," of flying hoofs.

Your English shire hunter is nothing if not game, and as if realizing the stakes, the two thoroughbreds responded magnificently to the calls made upon them. Almost neck and neck, almost knee to knee, the boys tore away, Roger humped up on his horse's neck, working over him frantically; Dobson still clinging to the orthodox English seat, but none the less getting all there was out of his mount. The crops came down unmercifully across the flanks; the leathers were working like electric fans; the riders were wriggling like eels, and inch by inch, foot by foot, yard by yard, they caught up to the unmanageable horse ahead of them.

Three hundred feet away loomed "The Cloud."

The little, blue figure in front hung desper-



ately to the leathers, struggling in vain to recover control. Away on the right the two scarlet-coated huntsmen had seen the danger, and wheeling their mounts around, were now riding hard for the scene of danger.

Their help would come too late! On the boys alone the result depended!

Six long lengths still separated them from the girl — now five — now three! The yawning valley opened beneath them not a hundred feet away. They were up to the flanks of the runaway now. By common instinct they swerved a foot — one to the right, the other to the left. The chestnut faltered as Roger pulled him, but with savage energy the young American set him going again. Dobson charged from his side at the same instant Roger made his effort, and almost together they grasped the leathers of the runaway. With united strength they jerked. The strong teeth still retained the bit. They were almost on the brink now. Again they pulled with the strength of desperation. The dual attack was too much for the hunter. With a snort of fear, he relinquished his grip on the steel, and the next instant, with the valley dip not a dozen yards away, they had him under control, standing stock still, quivering with excitement and exhaustion.



"Look out, she's going to fall, Yank!" yelled Dobson.

His warning came not a moment too soon. The struggle over, the little lady gave a gasp, and rolled over into Roger's arms, white-faced and fainting.

Dobson was off his mount in a moment, and as he helped his chum to dismount the small, unconscious figure, he ejaculated with astonished expression:

"By Jove, Yank, it's the twins!"

"It's one of them," muttered Roger soberly, "it's Miss Irene."



## CHAPTER II

### BACK TO HENLEY

THE boys placed the young lady on the ground, and by that time they were surrounded by a crowd of riders, all wishing to help. A dozen holster flasks were produced, and a tall, portly gentleman, who had just dashed up, raised the girl in his arms and emptied a spoonful of the spirits down her throat.

"I'm her father; I'm John Maxwell," he announced, as if to prove his right to take charge.

"Oh, I'm all right, father," whispered the girl, opening her eyes, "but, oh, oh, it was — was horrible."

"There, there, don't think of it, little girl; it's all right now — thanks, thanks to these two young men," and the father extended his free hand and grasped those of Roger and Dobson, in turn.

"No, oh, no — not at all," muttered Dobson, red in the face and uncomfortable, as he always was under praise.

"Yes, oh, yes, and very much so," insisted



Mr. Maxwell. "It was well, it was splendidly done. You timed your rush to a nicety."

"I think our rush was timed for us, sir; we got in as soon as we got up," observed Roger, with a broad smile.

"Why — why, it's the two boys again — the two 'Snowdon' boys," whispered the rescued one, glancing up at Roger and Dobson, her pallid face breaking into a smile. "You — you always seem to be appearing at the right moment. First — first you found us on Snowdon, and then you saved the hat, and now you've saved me."

"I didn't see you, Miss Irene, at the meet," said Roger.

"No, we came late; father and I rode up only in time for the second breakaway, and then that hateful, dear old 'Beauty' ran away with me. He's a perfectly horrid horse, and I'll never ride him again."

"Indeed, you shall *not*," emphatically declared the father.

"Well, I'm quite all right now," insisted the girl, "so there's not the slightest use of my lying on the ground any longer, and all you gentlemen looking at me."

As if to prove her statement, she began to arise, tottering a little and unsteady, but "quite all right," as she said. The runaway,



now thoroughly subdued and quiet, endeavored to muzzle against her.

"No, no, you horrid old thing; I don't like you; go away," she cried.

Some of the visitors who had driven to the meet, placed their carriage at the disposal of the young lady, and instructing his groom to lead the horse, Mr. Maxwell and his daughter were driven away.

"You must come over and see us," called back the father. "You are Sir Henry Dobson's son, aren't you, young man?"

"Yes, sir, and this is Roger Jackson — both Henley fellows."

The carriage drove away, and the two chums remounted and jogged slowly toward Hatherly Court, Dobson's home.

"Wonder if they ran down?" questioned Roger, his thoughts reverting again to the chase.

"No, some one said he went to earth and escaped in a drain," replied Dobson, "but that runaway business rather broke up the crowd, and not more than half the field was in at the escape."

"Well, this is the last holiday, Dob; it's back to Henley to-morrow."

"Aye, back again, old man, but for the last year. Next year it will be Sandhurst with me, and where with you, Yank?"



"India, old man, to help Dad for at least twelve months, and then, perhaps, I may get a chance at Oxford; I'd like it awfully, and I'll only be twenty then, you know."

Roger Jackson, the American student at the great British public school of Henley, was about to start on his final year at that institution, in company with his chum, Tom Dobson. He had been spending the Christmas and New Year's holiday at the Dobsons' country-seat, Hatherly Court, in North Wales, and on the last day before returning to school had attended a meet of the Denbigh hounds. The young lady to whom the boys had been of such service that morning was Miss Irene Maxwell, sister of Jack Maxwell, a schoolmate of theirs. Irene and her sister Marjorie were twins, and the boys first met them some three years before, during an ascent of Mount Snowdon. At Miss Irene's request, Roger had helped Jack Maxwell when he first came to Henley, and now the two boys were very friendly. Young Maxwell was in the fifth form of Henley, but Roger and Dobson were in the sixth and final class.

During the ride home the conversation was mainly about the meet, and Miss Irene and the runaway, but after a late dinner at Hatherly Court, preparations commenced for the return



to Hamenchelt, the town on the outskirts of which Henley College was located.

It was not, however, until the final good-byes were spoken and the train speeding south that the school began to be paramount in the mind of the boys.

At Birmingham, five other Henley boys, on their way schoolward, joined them.

"Hello, you beggars!" greeted Andrew Cossock-Cossock, as he and Bradbury, two sixth form Henley boys, entered the compartment.

"How do, Brad? How are you, Sock?" was the rejoinder. "Hello, Tuck; how's the kid?"

"Tuck" and "the kid," otherwise Tucker, primus and minor, two brothers, both announced they were "fit," and trusted the questioner was in like condition. He was, and on his part, hoped neither of the Tuckers would go in for so much "soft tack" this half, as he had his eye on Tucker, primus, for number three in the school shell.

"Say, Yank," demanded the senior Tucker, becoming very serious, "I suppose we can push you through all right for school captain this half, can't we?"

"I'm manager here," grandly announced Dobson. "Yank has nothing to say, as be-



comes a modest and blushing aspirant for premier Henley honors. We'll get together to-night as soon as the fellows show up. Dauncy will propose him, and, of course, the house will go solid, and I think we'll carry Grafton's, too. I guess Yank's safe for the chair this half."

"He is if you don't try to make a speech, Dob," conceded Cossock, "but if you do he's gone up in the air. Excuse my mentioning it, old man, but you're better packing in the scrum than addressing a meeting. Better let Bradbury second the motion; he won't make quite such a hash of it."

"I believe, Sock, that you consider it your duty to go about telling people home truths, don't you?" suggested Dobson.

"Well, when they're so beastly thick they can't see it for themselves I sometimes do," admitted the speaker.

"Hold! Enough!" cried Bradbury dramatically. "Gentlemen, on the eve of battle do not spar amongst yourselves. We're all — that is all the Murray fellows — agreed that it is time Murray's House produced a skipper, and that Yank, here, is the man. Now we must hack it through for him. My worthy Yank, I trust you appreciate the honor about to be done you; not only to you, but also to that much famed Star-Spangled-Banner



country of yours. If you do get in, it will be the first Yankee captain Henley ever elected. Without doubt your president will send congratulations to you."

"Hum," muttered Roger, diligently munching a sponge cake.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" inquired Bradbury, with mock stiffness.

"Oh, don't mention it, old man; you're forgiven, but don't let it happen again."

"'Amenchelt! 'Amenchelt!" shouted the guard, flinging open the carriage door. "Hall hout for 'Enley College."

The boys tumbled out and mingled with the crowd. Everywhere the red and black colors of the school were in evidence. Big boys, with sprouting mustaches; small ones, with chubby red faces; and middle-sized ones, just donning their first pair of trousers, all hastening about demanding their "boxes" from nearly distracted porters, and hailing cabs from grinning cabbies. Without doubt Henley was returning, and making no small amount of noise about the arrival, either.

"There she is, you fellows!" cried Tucker, as the classic pile of the old college came into view; half a mile of irregular, rambling buildings, fronted and flanked by magnificent greens, and edged in by massive, iron railings.



"Henley! Henley! Good old Henley!" shouted the crowd of seniors enthusiastically, and then, instinctively, they commenced to roll out the "Henley Return Song," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

#### THE HENLEY RETURN SONG

The Red and Black is flying from old Henley's towers to-day;  
Vacation is behind us, and it's come, oh, come away —  
Aye, come, oh, come away, for old Henley calls to-day,  
So now, you fellows, hack it through and come, aye, come  
away.

"Old Glum" is waiting for you, with his: "Right about and  
face."

The Doctor's in his chair, and the spotters in their place.  
You'd better answer smartly and all the rules embrace,  
Or Henley will not know you, and you may quit your place.

The Red and Black our colors are, as every fellow knows;  
The crimson's for shed Henley blood; the black our mourn-  
ing shows.

For o'er the world from pole to line, from London to Bombay,  
The Henley boys have left their mark where duty bade them  
stay.

Then look to it, you youngsters, that the flag you never dip,  
But follow in the footsteps of those who've left the ship.

"Faith and Courage" is the motto chiseled over Henley's  
door;

We'll stand by that and live to that at home or foreign shore.

The refrain of the song came from a dozen different directions as little bands of the Henley boys bore down on the college; then, forming together and swinging into column, they



marched around the splendid green, until, halting before the principal's residence, they sung the four stanzas with a vigor that brought Doctor Proctor outside on the veranda.

He bowed in his stately, old-fashioned way, then holding out his hand for silence, said briefly:

"Ahem — boys, I am delighted to see you again; the — ahem — vanguard, so to speak, — ahem, — of the returning Henleyites — yes, delighted. I shall meet you all in the chapel to-morrow morning at prayers. I bid you welcome, boys; most heartily I bid you all welcome."

There was mighty cheering, and then a general dispersing for the respective houses.

Henley College was divided into four divisions, or houses: Murray's, Fairbank's, Dole's and Grafton's, a master of that name being at the head of each. Each house contained about two hundred and fifty boys. The seniors, those boys in the fifth and sixth forms, were provided with private "dens," where they slept and ate most of their meals, the smaller boys in the first, second and third forms "fagging," or waiting upon them, in return for which service the seniors assisted their fags in preparation work, and acted generally as school fathers to them.



Roger Jackson, who had entered Henley three years ago as a "sprat," or third form boy, had now gained the sixth and final form, with every chance of becoming "captain" of the school. Dobson, his great chum, who had gone through Henley with him step by step from "sprat" to "whale" (sixth form boy) was now slated for the captaincy of Murray's house.

Those who have read the two preceding volumes of this series: *An American Boy at Henley*, and *Jackson and his Henley Friends*, are familiar with the inner working of Henley College, but for the benefit of those who have not, this short explanation is given, in order that they may better be able to follow the fortunes of Henley's American Captain.



## CHAPTER III

### TEA WITH THE DOCTOR

Two days later the school had got fairly into its stride, as Dobson described it. He and Roger were sitting in the latter's den discussing the election of the day before, in which Roger had been elected captain of the school, when Brooks, the captain's fag, an open-faced youngster of the third form, came into the room.

"Here's a note Proct sent around by old John," he announced, throwing the envelope on the table.

It was addressed:

"ROGER JACKSON, School Captain,  
"Mr. Murray's Division."

"First official communication as captain, Yank," observed Dobson.

Roger tore open the envelope.

"MY DEAR JACKSON," it ran, "I shall be pleased if you and the captain of your house will take tea with me this afternoon at 4.30.



You will at that time meet here the captains of the other houses.

“Yours very truly,  
“HENRY J. PENN-PROCTOR.”

“Great fish-hooks!” ejaculated Dobson, “I’d rather take a licking than go, Yank.”

“Why, what’s the matter? I don’t see anything so very dreadful about it,” objected Roger.

“Tea, oh, tea with the doctor!” groaned poor Dobson, already in mental anguish.

“Don’t be such an ass, Dob. What is it? What does he do to you, anyway?”

“Oh,” moaned his chum, “but I do so hate those ‘functions,’ as the mater calls them.”

“I wouldn’t mind going,” mildly suggested young Brooks, who was still hanging about, “no end of tuck, you know, jam, cake, eggs, and all sorts of stuff; wish I was invited.”

“Wish you could take my place,” lamented Dobson.

“Can’t you be ill or something?” artfully suggested the small boy.

“Oh, what a lot of rot; of course, Dob’s got to go; bet he’ll enjoy it, too,” prophesied Roger.

The average American will scarcely understand Dobson’s terror at the prospect of “tea



with the doctor," for the American youth is far more self-possessed in the presence of his senior than is his small British cousin. Place an English lad with strange seniors or some of the fair sex in the open air, and he is perfectly at home, but let him meet them in the drawing-room, or be ushered into their presence in the dreaded "tea room," and he goes all to pieces. A mad terror takes possession of him, and he becomes absurdly bashful, awkward, and ridiculous. So now the prospect of tea that afternoon in the presence of the Head of Henley College filled poor Dobson with unreasonable terror.

The few hours intervening before the appointment he spent in making himself more miserable than ever in anticipation of the ordeal, and when at half-past four he found himself, in company with Roger and the three other house captains, finally "caged" in Doctor Proctor's cosy room, he could not have intelligently replied to the simplest question.

The doctor, however, did his best to place all the boys at their ease. Mrs. Proctor was ensconced behind the tea urn, and the little company at once drew up to the table.

The good old doctor was fairly bubbling over with good humor.

"Well, Jackson," he said, "I must congratu-



late you upon your election, and the rest of you boys, too. I do so, I am sure, most heartily. It has always been my custom, you know, to have a chat with the new captain and his house lieutenants. I like to feel that I have my fingers upon the pulse of the school through the elected leaders. You, Jackson, have an unusual distinction, you must know. You are the first lad from the States to occupy the captain's chair at Henley, and it is gratifying to find you supported by house captains so well fitted for their positions. Henley is most fortunate, most fortunate in her selection of captains this term."

"Thank you, sir," replied Roger, who was quite at his ease, and acting as spokesman for his colleagues, "we all intend to do our best."

"And you, Dobson, I am sure you must feel flattered by your selection as Mr. Murray's house captain," continued the doctor.

"Oh, no, sir; certainly; not at all, sir," mumbled Dobson, his face the color of red ink.

"It is quite an honor, and so exceedingly nice for you that your old friend, Jackson, is the school captain," the doctor continued; "you can work together well in double harness, so to speak, yes, double harness."

The other three house captains, Powell,



Wallace and Guiting, all came in for a word from the doctor, and then Mrs. Proctor inquired:

“ Sugar, Mr. Jackson? ”

“ If you please, mam.”

“ And you, Mr. Dobson? ”

“ Oh, no, not at all, mam,” disclaimed the Murray captain.

“ And cream? ” persisted the lady, slipping two lumps of sugar into the cup.

“ No, thank you,” replied Dobson, with great decision. The lad’s pet aversion was un-milked tea, but immediately he became the possessor of a dainty cup of undiluted Japan, from which he took a generous swallow, and then nearly choked over the scalding tea.

The three other house captains were not much more at their ease, but gradually, under the skilful guidance of the doctor, the talk veered around to school matters, and other subjects on which the boys were keenly interested, and they began to forget their embarrassment.

“ From all I hear, Jackson, Henley will send a crew for the Public School Challenge Vase on the Thames this spring,” suggested the doctor.

“ Yes, sir, we have four eights on the river; all the houses are represented, and Mr. Murray



thinks we shall be able to place a fast crew on the Thames."

"I am sure I don't know what you boys would do without Mr. Murray," observed Doctor Proctor.

"Neither do I, sir; he's one of the finest coaches in England."

"Yes," Wallace agreed, gathering courage as the meal proceeded, "and he's a splendid sculler himself, you know, sir. He pulled clean away from all the single oars yesterday in a try-out."

"Well, he pulled three years in succession in the Light Blue shell," commented Dobson, also plucking up courage and joining in the general conversation, "so he should be."

"I trust you seniors will not forget amidst all this sport that this is your last year at the college; you are almost on the verge of serious life now, you know. You, Dobson, next year, divine Providence willing, will be at Sandhurst, and you, Powell and Guiting, on the *Britannia*. It is your intention, Wallace, is it not, to take your degree at Oxford?"

"Yes, sir, father thinks it will be of help to me, even though I am going into the business with him."

"Without doubt," agreed the Henley Head, "and I regret, Jackson, that you are not pass-



ing on to one of the universities; but your father has concluded you will gain more ground by going out to him at once in India."

"Yes, sir, father has signed a contract for the building of another bridge higher up the Ganges, and Mr. Murray is coaching me along in the higher mathematics. He says it will not be too late for me to try for my degree after I return later."

"Oh, dear, no," the doctor said, "men as old as myself enter there."

"Will the school win in football against the county in March, Mr. Jackson?" inquired Mrs. Proctor, seeking to make the boys enjoy themselves by reference to sport.

"We intend to do our best, mam," promised Roger, "but the county fifteen are so awfully heavy that our men nearly always get pushed over in the scrums."

"You are captain of the fifteen this year, are you not?"

"No, mam, Bradbury is. He and Cossock are playing at half-back, and Dob — I mean Dobson — is in the pack; he's a bully man there on account of his weight," and Roger gave his chum a sly wink.

Dobson blushed and mumbled: "Oh, no, not at all, mam."

"Is Maxwell playing?" asked the doctor.



"Oh, yes, sir, he's about the fastest quarter-back we have; he mates it up with Yank there."

"Does what, Mr. Dobson?" inquired Mrs. Proctor sweetly.

"He yanks it up with mate, mam — I mean he Jacks it up with Yank — I should say, he ups it up with mate — that is —"

"Yes, I play on the quarter line with Maxwell," explained Roger, coming gallantly to the rescue of his badly confused chum.

"Just so, just so," summarized the doctor.

"Maxwell's a splendid sprinter, but he hasn't the staying powers of Jackson," Wallace said.

"The lower school is very full this half," the doctor observed, changing the subject. "They look like a promising lot of boys to me."

"Yes, sir," agreed Guiting, "every senior has a fag this half."

"I always think that is such a peculiar part of the English public schools; the fagging, I mean," Mrs. Proctor said.

"I thought so, too, mam," agreed Roger, "but it was a lot of help to me."

"Oh, yes," the doctor confirmed, "the system has many advantages. It binds senior and junior together in one common interest, and it is quite a fair division of labor; the senior assists his fag in his preparation of lessons and



the fag keeps the senior comfortable in his rooms by keeping them in order and so forth; a very fair division, I'm sure. You have not that practice on the other side, I am informed, Jackson?"

"No, sir."

"By the way, speaking of the United States, you will soon have a compatriot of yours here."

"Indeed, sir!" ejaculated Roger, looking up with keen interest.

"Yes, a young fellow almost the same age as yourself. His father is a very wealthy man, extremely wealthy; and he has thought fit to place his boy with us for the last year before he goes on to the university. I hesitated considerably before I accepted his entry, because it appeared to me it might be scarcely fair either to the lad or to Henley, considering the comparatively short time he would be here."

"Is it — that is, will he be in the sixth, sir?" inquired Roger.

"From all I can gather, I think he will, but I have not yet personally examined the boy. His father, however, has forwarded to me his record from the school he has been attending at Detroit, a town on the Great Lakes, I believe."

"Yes, sir, Detroit is on the Great Lakes,"



concurred Roger, smiling inwardly at the odd description. "When will he arrive, sir?" he added.

"I expect him here to-morrow, or the next day at the latest; he is at present visiting with his aunt, a lady who has married a Surrey squire."

"And what did you say his name was, sir?" still eagerly followed up Roger.

"I have not mentioned it, but, er — er — it is — er — Greenapple — Solomon Greenapple."

In spite of the solemnity of the doctor's manner, the five lads present had great difficulty in concealing their amusement; only the presence of the Head of Henley prevented them from laughing outright. Greenapple — Solomon Greenapple — it was such an odd name.

"You, Jackson, can no doubt assist him — er — make him feel at home, and, indeed, I wish all you boys to. That is mainly why I have mentioned the matter to you. In spite of his father's great wealth and his own natural abilities, the boy has — er — has many difficulties to overcome, so I understand."

It was nearly ten o'clock when the visitors left the doctor's room, for there were many school matters requiring mention and discussion, but uppermost in Dobson's mind, as they departed, was still the arrival of Solomon



Greenapple, for the first words he said, as soon as they were away, were:

“ Say, Yank, what a name: Solomon Greenapple! I’m dead anxious to see the beggar; wonder if he’s decent? ”

“ I don’t see why he shouldn’t be; what’s his name got to do with it, anyway? ” snapped Roger, almost testily.

“ Oh, nothing, you old hothead, but it is a jolly rum name, isn’t it? Kind of a handicap to a fellow; it’s like being penalized ten yards in the quarter.”

“ I don’t see that it’s anything of the sort,” denied Roger, still touchy at the ridicule cast upon his countryman’s name. “ Solomon’s a good enough name, and what’s the matter with Greenapple? ”

Dobson gave his friend a rather blank look.

“ Oh, nothing, of course, you old blockhead; don’t be so peevish,” he replied.



## CHAPTER IV

### SOLOMON GREENAPPLE

BROOKS, Roger's fag, was on hand next morning just before six o'clock, and held the lines for "his man," as the captain pulled in his tub up to the Crab Tree and back. The weather was bitterly cold for river work; cold with that unpleasant "greenness" of the English winter — a greenness that goes to the very bones of one. Small cakes of ice floated past them, but little these things hindered with the practice. Weather never interferes with the English schoolboy's pleasure. If it did, he would get a small amount of enjoyment.

Roger, intent only on taking off the holiday accumulation of extra weight, spurted almost the entire distance, and his fag, wrapped up in a great sweater, cared not a jot for the weather. The youngster was an enthusiastic boating devotee, and the honor of being captain's fag and coxswain far outweighed any discomfort. With a small carriage timepiece



before him, the lines tucked under his arms, and nothing visible but his rising-sun face, Brooks sat like a skipper in command of a ship, and gave his orders like the coxswain of a racing eight.

"Out sculls, sir!" he cried shrilly, as he took his place in the stern. "Push off; give way!"

"Now," instructed Roger; "I want to hit it up strong for the first half-mile; then ease down, and then push it for all I'm worth to the Crab Tree; twig, kid?"

"All serene," gleefully shouted the fag. "Steady, then! Are you ready? Go!"

Roger's sculls went in with a will, and he buckled down to hard work, the youngster closely hugging the left bank, to avoid the biting east wind.

"Hit it up, sir," he yelled, "bridge in sight!" Then, as they shot under the slender, steel span, "Easy, now," came his command.

Roger, rather out of condition, and puffing somewhat, was glad of the breathing spell, but sixty seconds later his coxswain urged him on with: "Now, sir, hit it up for the Crab Tree!"

Again Roger swung forward and did his best to get some pace out of his shell, and he was badly winded when at last his fag shouted:



"Easy, there; Crab Tree," and headed the boat for the bank.

The Crab Tree was the last relic of an old apple orchard, and around the dead tree a shanty had been built. Inside this the boys discovered three other Henley seniors, all aspiring candidates for the school shell. They greeted the captain boisterously, and the little crowd huddled about the wood fire that had been hastily lighted, the seniors exchanging notes on their condition, and general river topics, the fags cornered together and talking noisily.

They were in the midst of it all, when the door was briskly pushed open, and a stranger entered.

He was a rather curious-looking object. An immense head, set on a short, bull-like neck, almost nestled between a pair of giant shoulders. From these the body tapered away to an absurdly thin waist, which in turn was supported by a spindling pair of legs. A little cap perched upon his head intensified its huge proportions, while a dark blue, tightly buttoned pea-jacket did not decrease the appearance of the great shoulders, and caused his slender underpinning to look yet more spindling. His face was red. So was his hair. His eyes, steely blue, and set wide apart,



glanced keenly out from under shaggy brows. Taken altogether, he was a most singular-looking boy, and one who would attract attention anywhere.

He stood gazing at the little crowd of boys before him; looking at them almost critically, as if making a mental calculation of who they were and whether he wished to know them or not.

"Shut the door, please," gruffly commanded Wallace, one of the assembled oarsmen.

Without a word, the stranger entered, and closed the rickety door behind him.

The fags stopped their animated chatter, and began to take in the details of the new comer. For a full thirty seconds a strained silence reigned, then Wallace inquired coolly:

"Anything we can do for you?"

"Lots," drawled the boy with the red head.

Again a silence; then he inquired:

"How far from here is a place called Henley?"

" 'A place called Henley,' " replied Wallace, still acting as spokesman, "is one thousand, two hundred and seventy-three yards as the river runs, if you hug the right bank tight; but if you swing wide and go round the island, it's fifty-seven feet more. Want to try to swim it? It's a bally nice morning for a try-out."



The intruder eyed the speaker with unfriendly eyes.

"I said nothing about swimming it. Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself if it's such 'a bally' nice morning. Perhaps it may interest you to know I'm a new arrival at Henley, or I shall be when I get there; I've walked over from the town back there."

"Can't say it does interest me," repudiated Wallace.

"Oh," exclaimed Roger, "I shouldn't be surprised if you are the fellow Proct spoke of yesterday. Is your name Greenapple?"

The boy nodded.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "that's my name; didn't suppose any one here knew it, though."

"Doctor Proctor spoke to me about you yesterday; I am a countryman of yours. Glad to meet you, Greenapple," and Roger extended his hand, frankly.

The other took the proffered hand in one of his own great paws. "How do you do?" he inquired, in sulky fashion.

"My name's Jackson," the captain further introduced himself.

"All right," was the almost-monosyllabled reply.

"Almost as all right a name as Greenapple, isn't it?" suggested Wallace, with a wink at



his companions. "It may interest you, Mr. Greenapple, to know that the gentleman with whom you have just had the honor of shaking hands is the captain of Henley."

"Mildly so," drawled Greenapple, "but now I have the information I wanted, I'll be getting down to this Henley, I guess," and swinging out of the door, he started off downstream.

"Wait a minute," Roger called after him, "and I'll scull you back. You can trot down, Brooks, and let Greenapple have the lines."

"Much obliged, but it's too cool for me on the river; guess I'll walk."

The door slammed behind him.

"Well, what do you think of that?" demanded Wallace.

Before any one could reply, Dobson, in short trunks and sweater, trotted in, and behind him his fag, young Clothier.

"Say, what in thunder is *that*?" he exploded, jerking an expressive thumb over his shoulder towards the outside.

"That," explained the sarcastic Wallace, "is Mr. Solomon Greenapple, an American who is about to honor Henley with his presence in rooms."

"Oh," grunted Dobson comprehensively,



" I might have guessed it. Yank, how do you like your new countryman? "

" We'd better hump ourselves and get back; it's seven-fifteen. Stamp the fire out, Dob," was the captain's only answer.

Once in the shell and pulling back to Henley, the small coxswain, Brooks, evinced a keen interest in regard to the new boy.

" Does he come from the states? " he began.

" Yes," snapped Roger, between his strokes; " don't chatter now; keep your eye on the turnip and time me back to the bend."



## CHAPTER V

### THE CHARIOT RACE

THAT night Dobson, as usual, carried his preparation work to the captain's den. It was his habit to work evenings in his chum's room. For a few minutes they chatted regarding the advent of Solomon Greenapple, but work soon claimed their attention. Presently, acting under instructions, young Brooks came in.

"Here I am," he announced; "want a 'leg up' to-night?"

"Sit down and don't chatter; you know I want you," said Roger. "Now, take that Bohn's translation and read it slowly; Dob and I are going to get through a thousand lines of Plautus to-night, and you are going to read it from Bohn — fire away."

The youngster selected a comfortable place on the couch, and commenced his task.

The clock struck eight, when, two hours later, he stopped and looking up, demanded:



"That's enough, isn't it? Swear I'm so hoarse I can't read another line."

"Yes, I guess that'll do for to-night; thanks, Brooks, you read better this evening. Now cut; you've got an hour before dormitory."

"Ta, ta," called the fag from the doorway, glad to escape.

"He's an all-right little beggar," Dobson observed, after the small boy's departure.

"Yes, he's all right, but full of the old Harry. Now, Dob, let's get at that trig. prob."

For another hour and a half the seniors struggled and wrestled with their preparation, for both boys were entered in the "Oxford, senior," a national examination held in the spring.

"Seems to me," observed Dobson, suddenly ceasing work and listening, "that there's an awful row coming from the drill hall."

The captain stopped and listened, too.

"There is a row," he admitted, "but there shouldn't be at this time."

"It's a nuisance they had to put our house sprats there to roost; you can never tell what kind of tommy-rot they're up to, so far away; don't see why they didn't let them sleep with the rest of the juniors up-stairs in the regular dormitory," complained Dobson.

"The school's so full this half, there's no room; that's the reason, of course."



“ You old duffer, I know that, but I mean why didn’t they turn out some other house sprats instead of ours; that’s what — say, Yank, that is a fearful row they’re making. Who’s monitor there to-night? ”

“ Maxwell,” the captain said, referring to a slip of cardboard — “ oh, I say, though, Dob, I remember he wanted to go to town to-night and asked me to appoint a sub, and by Jinks, I clean forgot to do it. That’s why there’s such a thundering row. Guess I’ll have to go down and see what the trouble is; coming? ”

“ All serene; may as well.”

The two seniors started down the long hallway and descended to the ground floor, then passed out across the quadrangle to the drill hall. The building was temporarily being used as the dormitory of the Murray house third form boys, on account of lack of room.

As the captain and his chum approached the hall, it became certain that something unusual was taking place there. The lights were lit, and a clumsy attempt had been made to conceal the fact by tacking newspapers against the shades, but telltale shafts of light shone through. The juniors could have saved themselves the trouble, in any case, for the noise they were making was terrific, and only the great distance of the hall from the general



Henley buildings had saved them so far from detection. Judging from the shouts from within, however, they cared little who heard.

"Come on, Dob," urged the captain; "they're up to some new lot of rot. Ever hear such a noise? Have they all gone crazy?"

"The beggars!" muttered Dobson. There was a broad grin on his face.

Another moment and the two were at the door. Dobson tried it gently. It was not locked, but some heavy article had been moved against it, and prevented an entry.

"Don't move it," counseled Roger. "Let's go round to the west side."

At a trot, the boys made for the other entrance, and tried the door. There was no impediment here. The captain opened it carefully, and followed by Dobson, entered.

They might have saved themselves any precaution against being discovered. There was no danger of that. The hundred odd occupants of the room were far too much interested in the matter in hand to have any time to waste looking for intruders.

A dense pall of dust lay over the whole scene, but not so great but that the two seniors could distinguish boys and things. And this is what met their gaze.

In the center of the long hall were piled



forty or fifty cots, the center of the pile rising four cots high. Then came a line of three cots, and below that two. The whole formed a sort of an improvised grandstand, which was now peopled by nearly a hundred yelling, gesticulating boys, all in the last stages of a fearful excitement; some purple in the face; some black, but all yelling as if their lives depended on it.

In the circular aisles formed between the walls of the room and the banked cots, were two other cots, and standing on each a fearfully contorted youth; in front a team of eight, straining, galloping boys, harnessed to the strange, improvised chariot, which they were dragging around and around the room at a furious pace, while the drivers, with whips and reins, sought to increase their speed, urging them on with voice and gesture.

The cots, small, single iron affairs, on castors, made not the most desirable chariots in the world, but what they lacked in construction, the boys made up for by their enthusiasm.

The captain and his chum might as well not have been there for all the notice any one took of them. No one saw them; no one cared. Unnoticed, they stood amazed spectators of the scene.

Young Brooks, the captain's fag, was steer-



ing one cot, and Lamb, a Dole house boy, the other. The race was evidently on the last lap or so, for the excitement was getting past all bounds.

“Go on, Baalamb; good old Dole’s! You’ve got ’em!”

“Oh, bored, sir! Bored, sir, well bored!”

“A foul, a foul!”

“Wasn’t! wasn’t!”

“Oh, well steered, sir; well steered!”

“Buck up, you chumps; get into his water!”

“Now, Murray, Murray — go it, Murray!”

A perfect babel of yells, shouts, admonition and advice drowned every other sound.

Now the racers were approaching the end where stood the captain and his chum. The Murray house cot — I beg pardon — I should say chariot — was leading by a length.

“Round it, round it, you beggars!” yelled young Brooks, in a frenzy of excitement, as he strove to handle his team skilfully round the turn.

There was little enough room for “rounding it,” but the doughty charioteer managed to prevent his team from colliding against the abrupt corner formed by the banked cots. Dole’s team, at a furious gallop, and the chariot skidding fearfully, followed scarcely a yard



behind, hot on the trail of the leader. Around the next bend, and then down the straight, with a great determination to overhaul the leader, they charged.

“Dole’s! Dole’s! Dole’s getting ’em!” the yells went up. “Two more laps! Come on! Come on!”

“Hang to the rail, Brooks — hang to it, sir — Oh, oh, look out there — a foul! A foul!”

There came a jarring; a crash; yells indescribable, and then a wild *melée* of cots, rope and jumbled boys.

In a great final effort to get past the leaders, Dole’s charioteer had cut it too fine, and crashing into the other cot, brought both teams over in the wildest confusion. The spectators leaped from their seats; the “horses” struggled to their feet, and the charioteers scrambled up and commenced to savagely upbraid each other.

“All right, you beggar, wait till I get you,” threatened young Brooks, endeavoring to disentangle himself from the debris, “you fouled me!”

“I didn’t; you stood out and interfered; you did it on purpose,” retorted Lamb, climbing joyfully to the fight.

At that critical moment the captain and Dobson made their presence known.



"Hold hard, there!" shouted Roger, pushing his way down through the yelling mob, "hold hard, I say!"

"Cave! Cave! 'Ware! 'Ware!" ran the smothered warning, as like so many ants suddenly unearthed, the juniors sought to make for concealment. Their position, however, was hopeless. There was nowhere to run to. Young Lamb and half a dozen others leaped upon the piled cots and there cast themselves down and commenced to snore loudly, but Brooks and the majority brazened the affair out. They stood waiting to see what the captain would do. They had not long to wait.

"All form up," came the command. "Now then, Lamb and you kids up there, climb down."

Only a chorus of resounding snores greeted the order.

"Hook 'em down, Dob," Roger shouted, and Dobson swarmed up and began to drag forth the feigners of slumber.

"Hello, what's the matter?" demanded Lamb, rubbing his eyes, as if he were just awakening from a refreshing nap.

"You'll soon see what's the matter," threatened the senior; "out you get — tumble down, you beggars."

"I'm asleep," asserted another youth, as Dobson clutched him.



"You're awake now," was the grim rejoinder, as Dobson seized him by the collar and dropped him on the floor.

It was useless. All the juniors realized it, and commenced slowly to form in line, while the captain quietly took their names.

"Now, cots in places, and all of you come to me to-morrow after morning school," he ordered.

Fifteen minutes later a great stillness reigned o'er the drill hall, and one hundred and four youthful minds were wondering what would be the price to pay for the frolic, on the morrow.



## CHAPTER VI

### A MILLIONAIRE'S SON

TAKEN as a rule it was a rather difficult matter for any new boy even mildly to interest Henley, but in this respect, the arrival of Solomon Greenapple created a record. Not only was his arrival somewhat unorthodox (for what Henley boy was there who on his first arrival had not come to the school in a four-wheeler, even in these days of taxicabs); not only was his name grotesquely funny, but his appearance matched the latter fact. Then, too, it soon became blazed around that the new American boy was most fearfully and wonderfully supplied with cash — supplied in an almost prodigious degree, for old John, the hall porter, had nearly dropped dead from sheer amazement, when, after helping the new arrival in with his trunks, the latter had carelessly dived down into his trouser pocket, and, producing a generous handful of glistening, loose gold coins, tossed over to the porter a sovereign. At the recital of this out-



raging of all precedent, Henley became aghast, for it had always, at all times, been "form" to tip the porter one shilling — never more, never less — and here was this new boy upsetting all precedent by tipping a sovereign, twenty times the proper amount. It was "off;" it was "rottenly bad form;" it was "beastly Yankee," as Wallace censured to his own particular crony, Nealy, as the two discussed the American's advent that evening in their den.

"Wonder what Jackson will do about it?" mused Nealy. "He can't stand for a chap like that, you know."

"Oh, I think Jackson will not bother himself about it; wonder what form the beast's in?" replied Wallace.

"Sixth," promptly announced Nealy. "It's settled; I hear he's in Murray's house, too. They say he's a corker at study."

"Well, I shall cut him," curtly decided Wallace. "I don't like the beast; you should have seen his edge when he blundered into the Crab Tree the other morning; spoke as if we were a lot of 'boots' at some hotel, and he a guest there."

"Oh, well, confound him, what does it matter what he does or does not do; it won't upset Henley much, I think," consoled Nealy.



"The beggar has too much cash, too," went on Wallace, unwilling to allow the subject dropped. "Why, Bradbury won't be in it with him, and Brad's always been the flush chap here in my time."

"Bet Bradbury's governor can show as much cash as this fellow's; he's a millionaire in pounds, you know, and this chap's dad is only that in dollars."

"Well, Brad can't show as much tin *on* him, anyway; his governor only allows him fifty quid a term, you know, and this chap's got a hundred pounds or more in his pockets; old John saw him pull out the sovs and fivers."

Meanwhile Roger had another interview with Greenapple. The two met quite accidentally as the new boy was entering his newly appointed den. It was Roger, though, who first spoke. He felt it "was up to him," as he afterwards told Dobson.

"I'll be glad, Greenapple, to give you a leg up here in any way I can. If you find I can be of assistance to you, let me know."

"Thanks; much obliged, but I guess I can travel all right — oh, stay, though, there's one thing I'd like to ask you about. What is this fag business? The old gentleman," he waved his hand in the direction of Doctor Proctor's study, "told me I'd have little diffi-



culty in getting a fag, as the lower school was so full this term. What did he mean? ”

“ Why,” Roger explained, smiling broadly, “ at most of the English schools the small kids fag for the seniors — that is, you know — ”

“ Why do you say ‘ you know ’ when I don’t? Every fellow does that, and it’s a lot of kid.”

“ If you’ll listen without interrupting me, I’ll tell you,” retorted Roger curtly. “ That ‘ you know ’ is an idiosyncrasy; you’ll find a lot of them over here, and you’ll have to adapt yourself to them; you can’t shape the school, you know — ”

“ There you are again: ‘ you know,’ when I don’t, but go ahead.”

“ I’ve a good mind not to,” retorted Roger, “ but I suppose I’ll have to overlook your greenness. Know, then, my criticising friend, that the juniors keep the dens of the seniors clean, get their meals for them when they eat in rooms, and generally make themselves useful. For instance, that small boy with whom you saw me the day you came up to the Crab Tree, was my fag, and he got out of his bed at six o’clock in the morning and steered my tub up river because I asked him to.”

“ How much do you pay him? ” demanded Greenapple.



Roger laughed.

"Nothing, of course," he replied, "but in return for what he does for me, I help him with his preparations and look after him a lot — kind of father him along, you see. It's quite a responsibility."

"You don't pay him anything; then he's not your servant?"

"Of course not. He's just the same in the school as I am, only a junior. Why, Brooks' governor is British ambassador to Turkey. I fagged when I came here first as a sprat."

"A what?"

"A sprat — great Scott, you have a lot to learn here. I'll tell you. The first form kids are called shrimps, the second minnows, the third sprats, the fourth mackerels, the fifth salmons, and the sixth whales. You're a whale."

"Quite a fishy lot," commented Greenapple. "Who's my Jonah?"

"You may discover him soon," responded the captain.

"Look here," demanded the new boy, "here's another thing I want to ask you about. Can't I go to town when I like after school hours? Some old fool in uniform undertook to stop me this morning as I was going out; told me I must show a captain's pass or some such thing."



"That's so," Roger admitted. "All the fellows — seniors and juniors — must get passes before they go to town, that is, if they want to go out of bounds. Leave the pass at my den for signature, and get Murray to counter-sign it."

"Piffle!" ejaculated Greenapple contemptuously. "Look here, Jackson, my car's up at some hotel rejoicing in the name of *The Bull*, and I want to make arrangements for keeping it at some garage; do you know of a good place near the school? I have a couple, but I ran down from town in my Derby 60, and I want to get a place to keep it somewhere; my roadster's coming down by rail, later on."

"Say, you are well provided for, aren't you?" commented the captain. "Bring your pass any time to my room, and get one for your fag, too; he'll probably know town better than you, and together you can look out a place."

"How — how do you get this — this fag?"

"There are eight or ten unengaged fellows in Murray's, so you can take your pick. I'd recommend young Hanks; he's smart and knows the ropes; it's his third year here; he's worked up from a shrimp."

"I'll take him sight unseen, at your say so; get him for me," ordered Greenapple.

"Oh, get him yourself," suggested Roger,



with a smile. "I'm not hunting up fags for fellows."

"How do I get him, lasso him?"

"Here, I suppose I'll have to show you."

The captain put a whistle to his lips and blew a series of sharp blasts.

"Say, Brooks," he directed, as soon as his fag appeared, "see if you can find Hanks, and tell him to go to Greenapple's den — 46 — B."

"All right," agreed Brooks, "but he's down river now; when he gets back'll do, won't it?"

"Yes; and say, Brooks, Greenapple here wants him to fag for him; tell him so, will you?"

So the matter of fagging for the new American was settled, and he found himself in possession of a third form boy to look after his wants.

"Now," Roger told him, "this arrangement is not one-sided, you know; you must help him along with his lessons, and see him through any scrapes he gets into, you understand."

Later that evening Greenapple informed Roger he had made arrangements for housing his car, and casually invited the captain to go for a spin with him next day.



## CHAPTER VII

### THE GALE

ROGER, always a sound sleeper, was awakened that night by his fag.

"Oh, Jackson," the youngster cried from outside the doorway, "get up; it's blowing a bally gale — no end of a storm — just listen to it!"

"Come in!" called the captain, and he was aware he had to shout to make his voice heard above the din of roaring wind and pouring rain.

Next moment young Brooks entered. He had evidently dressed in haste.

"It woke us all up in the drill hall," he explained, in shrill tones, "so I donned my togs and routed you up; thought you might like to see it. Look, it's lightning — lightning in winter! By jinks, wasn't that a clap? Say, just listen to that rain!"

Roger propped himself up on his elbows. He could do little else but listen. The din was compelling, insistent.

"No," he admitted, "it is unusual; are all you kids up?"



"Yes, we're all up, and so are lots of the other fellows in the other houses; I saw the lights in their windows as I bolted across the quadrangle; by jinks, listen to that!"

A fearful crash of Heaven's artillery, followed by a tearing, rending sound, brought Roger, with a leap, from his cot.

"That struck somewhere close!" he ejaculated.

The fag, already at the window, and peering out, wheeled around with an almost tragic gesture.

"Oh, Jackson," he yelled, "it struck the flagstaff; look, it's down!"

He started to raise the window-sash, but an inrush of wind caused him to bang it down again.

"It's the flagstaff! The flagstaff," he repeated dazedly.

The captain was at the window by this time. Outside all was dark again, but another blinding flash of lightning clearly showed up the ruin. In the middle of the quadrangle, on which fronted the four Henley houses, had stood the flagstaff, a great mast rising some hundred and sixty feet in the air. Now only a scene of ruin met the eyes of the American. The big pole had been rent almost from summit to base, and lay a tangled mass of



splintered poles and sagging cables. It had struck the projecting cornice of Grafton's house as it toppled over.

Only a brief moment had Roger in which to comprehend the catastrophe. The illumination was followed by an inky blackness and another ear-splitting crash of thunder; then again a dazzling flood of fearful illumination, and again that almost instantaneous crash. Throughout all, the wind roared and bellowed with fearful sound.

"We'd better get out," shouted Roger, as he lit the gas. He was hastily tumbling into his river sweater and trousers, as he spoke. "Come along, kid; they'll probably need us in the quadrangle," he finished.

The two boys dashed from the room. They met others in the long corridor, all apparently seized with the same idea of "getting out."

Rapid as they were, however, they found two of the house masters before them. Mr. Murray and Mr. Grafton were already on the scene, together with some of the helpers. It was still raining in torrents, and the electrical display continued with unabated violence.

"Are any of your boys hurt?" shouted the Rev. Milton Murray to his colleague.

"No, it only struck the sergeant's room at



the top, as it fell, and luckily no one was there," assured Mr. Grafton.

They were joined at that moment by Doctor Proctor. The old Henley chief was bareheaded, wrapped about in a long ulster. He was quickly in consultation with his divisional masters.

"We can do nothing now," he conceded. "We must wait until the storm subsides. Go back to your rooms, boys. It is most fortunate — most fortunate that no one was injured."

No one wished to linger long, for the situation was decidedly unpleasant, and in a few minutes the quadrangle was again deserted.

As soon as it was light, however, little crowds of boys commenced to congregate — little crowds that soon became large ones, and long before eight o'clock nearly all Henley had viewed the disaster.

"Well, if that isn't a go!" ejaculated Dobson, as he stood by Roger's side amidst the tangled ruin of splintered poles and slacked cables and wires.

"It's too beastly rotten," groaned Bradbury, joining the two. "Only put up year before last."

"Bally bad luck," agreed Cossock, strolling up.

"What a fuss you chaps are making over



the darned pole," drawled a voice close at Cossock's elbow.

All the assembled boys wheeled about, and discovered the newly arrived American standing, with hands thrust deep into pockets, gazing with an almost amused smile on his features at the wreck. He was wearing the same little, short pea-jacket in which he first arrived at Henley. His lion's head and tangled shock of red hair were unprotected by any hat, and his spindling legs were encased in tight-fitting riding-breeches.

The boys viewed with disfavor his appearance, and Dauncy, the school's crack debater and wit, observed in those mild tones of his which so often had lashed his opponents in debate into fury:

"You see, Mr. — Mr. — er — Applegreen —"

"Greenapple," snarled the newcomer.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Greenapple. I was about to observe that an occurrence of this nature does not often happen at Henley; in fact, strange to say, it has never happened before, and we must ask your indulgence, if we express surprise."

"Why, the thing cost a hundred and forty pounds, and we all chipped in and had it put up ourselves," exploded Dobson, glaring at Greenapple.



"Shucks!" contemptuously retorted the new boy. "What's a hundred and forty pounds!"

"In the neighborhood of seven hundred of your dollars, I believe, Mr. Crabapple," informed Dauncy, with great seriousness.

"Well, I know that, I guess, you smarty, and I wish you'd get my name straight," snapped Greenapple.

"I apologize for juggling with your most distinguished name, and if you knew how much one hundred and forty pounds was, why did you inquire?" still persisted the unruffled Dauncy.

"I meant to say it wasn't much."

"Ah, that is entirely different; your remark did not lead me to understand it in that way, and you will pardon me, I am sure, Mr. — Mr. — er Redapple — I beg pardon, Greenapple, when I remark that all our Henley fellows are not so abundantly supplied with cash, that the loss of one hundred and forty pounds does not cause them some annoyance."

"Look here," shouted Greenapple, nettled by the lash of Dauncy's sarcastic tongue.

"Look where?" sweetly inquired the Henley debater.

"Oh, look anywhere. Look at the idiots all around you gaping as if they'd lost their only friend. Why, I tell you what I'll do;



I'll give you a new flagstaff — give it to you with pleasure, if only to get rid of your long faces."

From the crowd, augmented as it had been during the discussion by a constant arrival of new boys, arose a long-drawn-out whistle. It was common knowledge that the American could do what he said if he chose to.

"Is that offer made in good faith?" demanded Dauncy.

"Sure," snapped Greenapple.

"Because if it is, I will lay the proposal before the captains this afternoon at their meeting."

"Yes, tell the captains, or the generals or the admirals or any one else; I'll stand by it," vehemently asserted the new boy.

"Thanks," said Dauncy. "It is extremely probable, Mr. Greenapple, that your very generous offer may be accepted."

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised," muttered Dobson, with a grin.



## CHAPTER VIII

### GREENAPPLE KEEPS HIS WORD

THE prognostication of Dauncy and Dobson was verified. Greenapple's offer to replace the demolished flagstaff was accepted by the captains of Henley at their meeting that same afternoon. Not before, however, Roger had urged upon the volunteer donor to withdraw it.

"Look here, Greenapple," the captain expostulated, as he talked with his countryman after morning school. "Look here, there is really no necessity for your doing this thing, you know."

"Oh, rats! shut up," was the forcible comment.

"Because," persisted Roger, "we all know you made the offer upon the spur of the moment, and none of the fellows will think any the less of you if you withdraw it now. It's going to cost you a thundering lot — about a hundred and fifty pounds, you know."

"I know it will cost only a hundred and



twenty-one pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, because I've been over the figures," was the tart rejoinder.

"Great Scott, you've got it down pat. Well, if you're bound to do it, go ahead, but I'm showing a way you can get out of it if you want to."

"I don't," snapped Greenapple. "Why, look here, Jackson, I'm not the chap to make a blow, but — well — I'm well fixed. Here, come into my den."

He led the way inside number 46 — B, Roger following. The captain fairly gasped as he beheld the interior. In the few days the new boy had been there he had effected a transformation in the den. Magnificent mahogany furniture, a costly Turkish carpet and some tasteful draperies made the place look more like the anteroom of a palace than a den at Henley.

"I couldn't stand for that uncomfortable thing of a cot," explained the tenant, as he waved his hand towards a luxuriant swinging bed-hammock, "so I got this thing from a merchant back in the little town. It is quite comfortable, and I can go to sleep now, which I couldn't do before."

"Well, you have got things fixed up," admitted the captain, gazing from one of the



rich furnishings to another. "Have any of the fellows seen it?"

"Yes, the chap next door came in," carelessly commented Greenapple, "but I brought you in to show you I was able to put the fellows up a new pole without bankrupting myself. See here!"

He opened the plate-glass door of a small secretary, and unlocking a drawer, took out a bank pass-book, which he carelessly tossed over to Roger. "The balance there will make your mind easy," he added.

"Do you want me to look in it?" asked the captain.

"Sure, that's what I gave it you for," snapped Greenapple. "See here," and he indicated with his finger four figures: £1560 s9 d4. "Just had it balanced up at the bank yesterday, when I deposited the draft on my London agents for the thousand pounds. "So, you see," he nodded complacently.

"Very well," acquiesced the captain coolly. "You appear to be well supplied, as you say, but if I were you, Greenapple, I wouldn't go showing this book to the fellows. They'll only think you're bragging, and it's bad form, you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort. You and your 'form' make me very weary. Fact



is, Jackson, you chaps here are a lot of poverty-stricken kids, and you cover it all up, or try to, with this 'form.' Everything is 'bad form' or 'good form.' Why, I was out only last night walking around the field there," he waved his hand in the direction of the playing field, known as "The Big," "when along came a whole gang of eight or ten of the largest chaps, all arm in arm like a lot of sissies, monopolizing the whole cinderpath, bless you, and making no effort to let me pass. I went right ahead, and butted into them, and you should have seen the racket they made."

"Did — did you get through?" demanded the captain, aware that the speaker had transgressed one of the sacred, time-honored rules of Henley's boys.

"Bet your sweet life I did!" vehemently declared Greenapple. "They tried to stop me, but I gave it to them right and left, and left 'em behind me snarling something about this 'bad form' business. My, they were mad all through, though."

The captain sighed. He realized the entirely different view-point from which this self-assertive son of a self-made father looked at things, and that in which Henley looked at them. The angle was a very different one. The case appeared to him to be hopeless. There was



going to be a tremendous struggle here. Greenapple was endeavoring to swallow Henley, Henley was trying to assimilate Greenapple, and the odds looked big in favor of Henley.

"Well," he summed up, "you'll find all sorts of fellows here; some rich, some poor; some decent fellows, some cads. But you are determined to put that staff up again, are you?"

"Yes," emphatically declared Greenapple, and his great jaws closed like a steel trap. He had a most uncomfortable air of purpose when he tried.

The new flagstaff was erected with almost amazing speed. The house captains placed the proposal before Doctor Proctor for his consent, half expecting he would veto the scheme, but he readily acquiesced. So Greenapple was officially notified that his offer was accepted; and that same evening, to the amazement of the school, a gang of men were at work clearing away the debris of the old staff. Greenapple took a lively and most energetic interest in the work. Every day all his spare hours he spent with the workers. He had prepared the plans himself, and purchased his own lumber, steel and cables, displaying in all an astonishing knowledge and keen business instinct. In overalls (and Henley gasped at this), with sleeves rolled up to shoulders, displaying his



huge biceps, he worked like a Trojan along with the mechanics, and many a lively scene was witnessed by the congregated Henley boys.

"See here, what're you loafing there, scratching your head for?" the American would suddenly demand of some idling workman.

"Well, Hi'm blowed! Can't a chap stop to scratch 'is 'ead?" inquired the astonished laborer.

"No, not when he's working for me; get a move on you, or you'll be fired."

"Fired, fired?" echoed the man, at a loss to understand the exact meaning of the word, yet scenting that it boded no good for him.

"Yes, fired, I said," bellowed Greenapple. "Bounced; kicked out."

"Oh," comprehended the man, suddenly waking into life, and getting to work.

To show that his threat was no idle one, and to exemplify exactly what the word did mean, Greenapple "fired" no less than three laborers the first day. A skilled mechanic, who undertook to argue with him, followed the next morning, and after that things worked harmoniously.

"I know what I want; I know how it should be done, and I'm going to have it that way," emphatically declared the American. "I'm



paying you chaps a shilling a day more than you usually get, and I'm boss, so get that in your heads."

The declaration sank deep into the heads of the workmen, and by the following Saturday week the work was all completed.

"Well," commented Dobson to Roger, as he and the captain talked over the rapidity of the erection, "I must say he had it put up smartly enough. I never imagined the work could be done in such short time; but say, Yank, it was a real treat to see this Greenapple and the workmen getting together the first day."

"I know; I saw it," laughed Roger.

"Aye, but you didn't see the fun at eleven o'clock the first morning. You know, the whole gang laid off as the school clock struck eleven. I happened to come along just then going to lectures, and Greenapple, you know, had got off to superintend the job. Well, you should have seen the look on his face when the chaps stopped and made for their beer cans and bread and cheese. 'What're you all about?' he roared. ''Leven 'clock; beer time,' growled one of them. 'Beer time nothing,' shouted Greenapple, 'you'll work till twelve, and lay off an hour then.' 'No, we don't; we lays off fur a quarter o' an hour at 'leven and then works



till one, an' comes on 'gain at two,' argued the man. 'You'll work as I say till twelve; lay off one hour, and then work till six, or get bounced right now,' snarled Greenapple, with that odd twang of his. 'Bounced,' the chap repeated, standing with his mouth agape. 'Wot'd yer think I be, mister, a hinderrubber ball?' 'You'll be bounced as high as one,' yelled Greenapple; and, do you know, that chap dropped his beer can and went back to work. All of them growled a lot, but Green had his way. I tell you, Yank, he's a jolly rum chap."

And that was the general school verdict on Solomon Greenapple. He was voted a "jolly rum chap."



## CHAPTER IX

### A RECORD RUN

HENLEY did not permit the excitement incidental to the disaster and the erection of the new flagstaff to interfere with the regular routine of preparation for the forthcoming clash between the school fifteen and the county men, nor were the college and scratch crews any the less indefatigable in their efforts to place a winning eight on the Thames in March for the Public School Challenge Vase.

Roger, keen for the best wood with which to build his crew, had eyed the massive shoulders and giant arms of his countryman with a view to giving him a try-out some morning on the river, but Greenapple did not encourage his advances.

"Can't waste the time," he snapped, when the captain suggested his pulling up the river with him in a pair-oar shell. "I'm here to study more than play. I shall enter Oxford next January. I intend to pass the Oxford Senior this summer."



He spoke with that certainty that so often made him objectionable to the Henley boys, and Roger suggested, mildly:

"No chance of you falling down, is there?"

"Not the slightest," confidently affirmed Greenapple.

"Well, there's nothing like being sure of a thing; it's more than some of us fellows are; but if I were you, Greenapple, I would not get the reputation of being a spreader."

"What's a spreader?"

"Oh, a boaster, you know."

"I didn't know, but let me tell you, my young friend, that your true American is the only boaster who makes good! I'm going to make good; just watch me."

"Well, if you feel you can spare the time soon, I'll take you for a try-out up river," still persisted the captain.

"All right; if I find that, I'll let you know. So long; I'm reading Sophocles."

That same afternoon Mr. Murray gave the school fifteen their final practice against a scratch town team. Bradbury was captaining the hopes of the school. He and Cossock, a rather slow-moving, but typically dogged Britisher, were mating it up at half-back. The speedy Roger and the school short-distance man, Maxwell, were at three-quarters. Dobson,



chunky and strong, was leading forward, where his weight would tell in the scrums. Wallace, the unrivaled Henley back, was goal keeper. Taken altogether, the Henley fifteen was one of the best the school had put on the gridiron for some years, and great hopes were raised that they would at least be able to score against the heavy men of the shire. Only once, on a never-to-be-forgotten year, had the school won in this great annual fixture, and generally the whistle blew without the red and black jerseys of the school being seen behind the county posts.

The English Rugby game is played along very similar lines to the American game. Four more men are played on a side — fifteen instead of eleven. The game is generally replete with brilliant runs and daring tackling, but is not, perhaps, so scientific as ours. It is, from a spectator's point of view, at least, more thrilling, but is considerably less dangerous, although accidents do occur.

A dull February day met the spectators, as they crowded around the ropes. A strong breeze was blowing down field from the chapel end, and the county captain, upon winning the toss, very properly decided to play his men with the wind behind them for the first half of thirty minutes.



It was two-thirty to the second when the school team, as challengers, trotted out on the splendid green. Their heavier opponents followed a moment later, and were given a rousing reception by the Henley boys. The grandstand, at the gymnasium side, where Doctor Proctor sat chatting with His Worship, the Mayor of Hamenchelt, was crowded by spectators from the town and Cotswold country, and all around the ropes, three or four deep, were clustered the college boys and many of their visiting friends.

A few parting words of last instruction from Mr. Murray, and the teams took up their positions. The county captain, a tall, old Blue, ran back a few paces, and sent the oval soaring high with the wind into the school territory. The Henley forwards were on it in a second, and in a series of short runs took it to the half line. Tight work followed, scrum succeeding scrum, and despite their excellent team work, the school pack was carried backward, always backward. Beef will tell, but the Henley team was working like a machine, with scarcely a mistake.

“Open play,” had been Wallace’s instructions, and Mr. Murray’s incessant advice. “Get hold of the ball in the packing and pass to the men behind the line; then follow them like their shadows.” Faithfully, manfully did the



forwards obey their instructions, but always in the scrum they lost ground, and too often the ball came out the wrong side.

In seventeen minutes of fast and furious playing the county men pushed their opponents over, and at last planted the ball behind the posts. The kick over, with the wind true behind them, was an easy achievement. Once again before half time did the men of the green-shire get behind the Henley citadel, and another goal resulted.

Score, half time: County, 16 points. School, nil.

Refreshed, and playing with more confidence, now the wind was in their favor, the school team put up a dashing game after the intermission. Once, when their goal was in imminent danger, Wallace saved in magnificent style, stamping himself as a peer amongst backs. Then from a line out on their own twenty-five, Dobson, in his dogged, bull-headed fashion, fairly hacked the oval up field for a gain of twenty yards. From there, on a pass, Bradbury took the leather along in a great dribble, toeing the oval with consummate skill. He lost it just over the half line, and a county quarter, getting hold, went down Henleyward for a substantial gain; then Cossock collared and brought down, and from the suc-



ceeding scrum Roger got hold of the ball, and doubled through the enemy's forwards, only to be forced into touch on the county twenty-five line.

The school went mad at the brilliant work of their team.

"Played, sir! Played, sir! Well hacked, Henley!" came the encouraging shouts from all around the ropes.

Mr. Murray was nodding approvingly, and old Doctor Proctor's hands were working gleefully in invisible soap.

The county goal was in danger!

But a blight came to nip the school hopes. A magnificent run for nearly half distance, by the county back, relieved their goal, and again the Henleyites were fighting desperately on their own ground.

Then came that run that will go down in Henley's history. That record-breaking run of her American student, Roger Jackson!

From a tightly packed scrum, the school forwards, working like dogs, pushed the county men over, and for once the ball came out Henley's side.

In a twinkle a quarter-back had it. Tackled, he passed to the waiting Bradbury, who, getting a good start, was only brought to turf after a gain of fifteen yards. But even as he



was tackled, a cry of: "Here, sir!" sounded at his elbow, and Roger had the ball.

Like a flash the county forwards swarmed on the wiry American. He wriggled out from a dangerously tight place; ran nearly half-way across the field, and then seeing his chance, broke away through the pack.

"Played, sir! Played, sir!" came the approving shouts, and Roger was off up field like a greyhound.

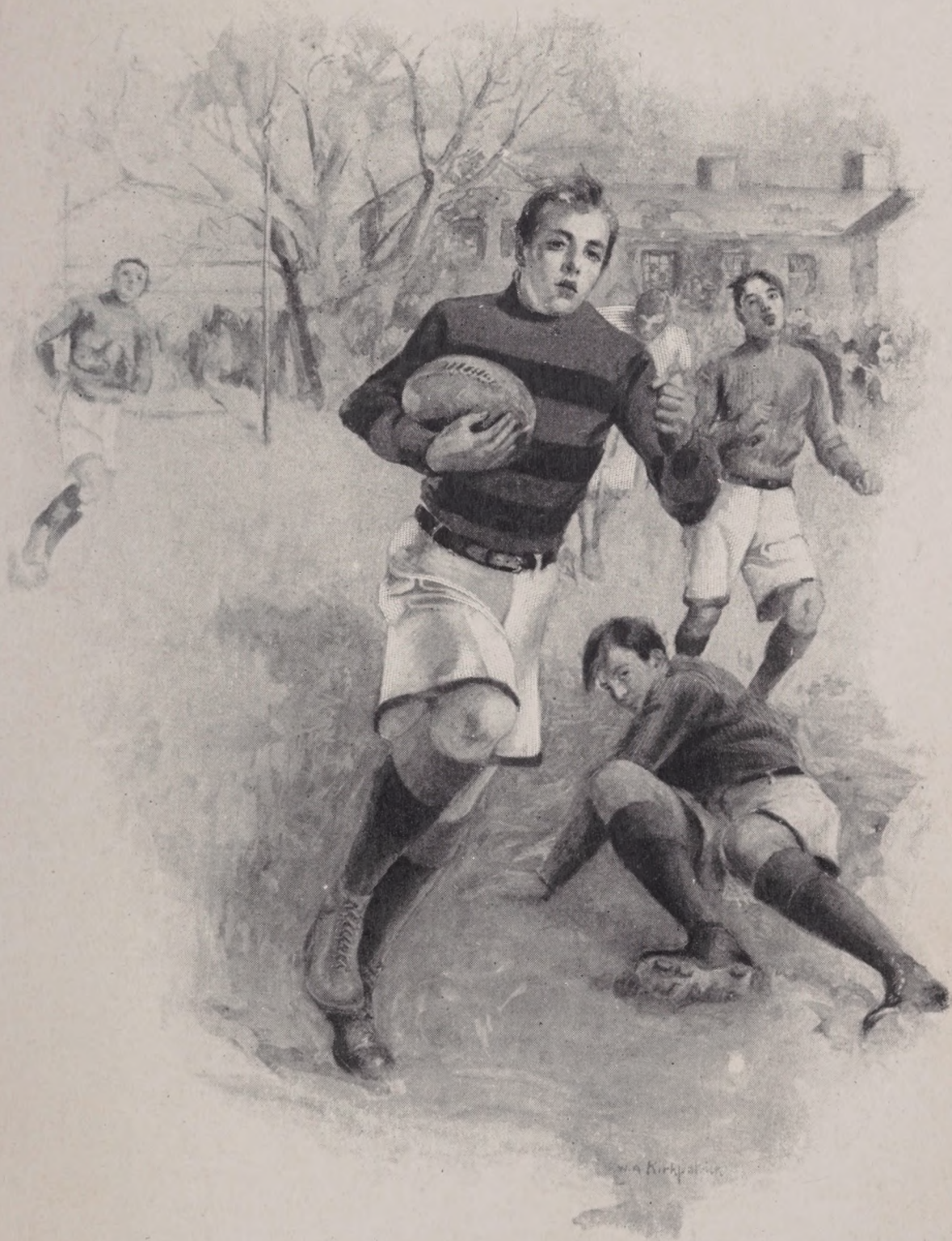
The middle division of the enemy bore down on him. He had outrun all his own men; there was no chance for a pass, so tucking the leather under his arm, the school captain sailed away on his hair-raising run.

Out-manoeuvering the two quarter-backs, he charged down the attacking half, and bowling him over, made for the three-quarters. In the jockeying for position he was almost overtaken and collared by the half again, but he got away in time, and smashed his path through the attacking three-quarters, to find only the county full-back between him and victory.

From the great crowd arose a prolonged, hoarse roar, and a babel of excited yells. Here was Henley's chance, and Roger's, too.

From the racing field in the rear came a babel of shouts.





HE CHARGED DOWN THE ATTACKING HALF, AND BOWLING HIM OVER  
MADE FOR THE THREE-QUARTERS. *Page 76.*







"Collar him, sir! Collar him!" yelled the county supporters.

"Hack it through, Henley! Hack it through, sir," roared the Henley boys. "Jackson! Jackson! Foot it, Jackson!"

The county full-back, an ex-international player, huge of bulk, seasoned, experienced and right on edge, waited ten yards from his goal, like a spider in his web, waiting, waiting, waiting for the rushing Henleyite.

Roger came like a racehorse. Speed was his long suit. He took no chance of being overhauled from the rear, but out-distanced his pursuers with every stride. Only that big back between him and those crossed bars!

Confident, waiting still calmly for this long, wiry, speeding schoolboy, the county man crouched. Like a whirlwind Roger made for the left post. In a flash the back had covered the threatened quarter. Roger veered, feinted, veered again, charged in! The county man lunged forward. Had him! Lost him! Had him again! Like a slippery eel, the American wriggled out from that mighty grasp, back swung with his free left arm; leaped forward, doubled the post, and planted the oval triumphantly behind the line!

"A try! A try! Henley! Henley! A try! A try!" The air was filled with a thunder of



deafening shouts from everywhere, as mad with pent-up excitement the school broke loose in wild riot.

"Get it out, sir! Get it out! Kick it! Kick it!" the frenzied instructions rang from all around the ropes. The grandstand was on its feet in an uproar.

The Henley team captain was on the spot next instant. He lost no time.

"Place it, Cossock," he commanded, and next moment Cossock was lying prone with the leather in position. A moment's deliberation, a run in, a mighty kick, and high, high up over the county poles soared the oval.

"A goal! A goal! A goal!" came the Henley yells.

"No sides," ordered the referee, as his whistle sounded loud and shrill, and the great match was over.

Score: County, 16 points. Henley, 8 points.

The school had scored! They were beaten, but they had scored. It was not a whitewash. Only twice before in the history of the matches had Henley scored against the formidable opponents, and fifty years hence Henley boys will boast of "that run our school captain — that Yankee, Jackson, you know — made against the county in 1911."



## CHAPTER X

### A MIDNIGHT TRIP

GREENAPPLE had been a more or less interested spectator of the great match, and he actually condescended to compliment Roger on his great run.

"That sprint of yours was all right, Jackson," he said, "but you chaps played too darned loose; why didn't your forwards bunch up around you and make a wedge?"

"You can't form the wedge in English Rugby very well," Roger explained, "the play's too fast. If I had waited for that, the county forwards would have downed me; my only chance was to get well away before they could get out of the scrum."

"Well, it was all right," admitted Greenapple, half grudgingly.

"Say," the captain announced, "we intend to raise the flag on the new staff next Monday, and we'd like you to do it. Considering the pole is your gift, we thought it would be only decent to ask you. Will you?"



"Sure," chuckled the donor, "I'll do it. What time Monday?"

"Why, Proct. is going to break off morning study one hour earlier — at eleven — so as to allow the fellows time to have a little ceremony over the event. All right, then, we'll look to you to hoist the first flag; so long."

That same night Greenapple obtained leave of absence from his house master until Monday morning, and quietly left the school. He had previously made a series of hasty visits to several tradesmen in Hamenchelt, and was apparently disappointed in getting what he sought. Now, upon leaving the school, he made straight for *The Bull*, where his big touring car was run out waiting for him. He made a minute examination of the motor; lifted the box off the engine, looked in the tank, and then, satisfied that everything was all right, scorched off into the night, going southeast along the London Road. An hour later he was running through the great university town. He did not tarry, but leaving Oxford behind, sped on his way through Great Marling, Londonward. It was nearly midnight when he struck the first Middlesex suburb. He slackened speed, and threading his way through the increasing difficulties of crowded streets, finally brought up in front of the glaring lamp that marks



the Covent Gardens Hotel. Then the great metropolis swallowed him up.

Late Sunday evening, in the midst of a pelting rain and sleet storm, with a mud-covered car that spoke unmistakably of country roads, he appeared again at *The Bull* in Hamenchelt. He called loudly for the hostler, and in impatient tones told him to get into the car with him. It was very evident Solomon Greenapple was not in the best of tempers.

"I can't go, sir; I've got to stay around; I'm on duty," the hostler told him.

"Get in, I say," curtly ordered the boy again. He tossed a sovereign to the hesitating man, and almost dragged him into the big motor.

"I won't keep you half an hour," he growled, as he sped away Henleyward. "Now, then, you've got that sovereign, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," grinned the man, fingering the coin.

"All right. Now when we get to the lodge gates at the college, lug this big thing out." He pointed to where a huge, bulky package occupied the rear seat. "The gates will be locked; the old fool will most likely be gone to bed. You're to help me get it over those iron gates and carry it to my rooms, understand?"

"All right, mister," acquiesced the man,



“but it ain’t — it ain’t nothin’ as houghtn’t ter be, is it?”

“Of course not,” snarled Greenapple. “It’s some things I bought in London because your darned town didn’t have them. You’re to help me carry the things to my room and then run the car back to *The Bull*; you understand, now?”

“All right, mister.” The man’s fingers again felt the gold coin in his pocket. “All right, I’ll ’elp you,” he promised.

They got the package over the iron lodge gates all right, but when they reached the Murray house main door an apparently overwhelming difficulty presented itself to them. The main door was locked! All lights were out, and the rambling old pile lay silent and dark before them. Greenapple bit his lip. The hostler waited, expectant. The halt was only momentary, however.

“Follow me,” ordered the American, and moved quickly away, edging to the left.

They walked around until, by repeated examinations, Greenapple determined he was under the window of his den. Then he sprang upon the lower window-ledge. He glanced down at the gaping man. “Wait here,” he growled hoarsely. “I’ll fling a cord down to you in a minute. You fasten that bundle on



firmly and then boost it up, and when I say all right you can go; get out quietly, now, and go back with the car. You've earned your money then."

"All right, mister," whispered the man fearfully, moistening his lips.

Murray's house — in fact, all the Henley buildings — was covered with a thick-growing mass of ivy. The boy carefully tested the sagging, clinging vine. It easily stood his weight. He selected the strongest-looking mass, and commenced to climb carefully upwards, the man watching from below with open mouth.

The study was on the second floor, and he reached it without trouble. But here a new obstacle presented itself. His window was locked, and he recalled that he had bolted it when he left on Saturday. He clung there balanced upon the stone window-sill for a moment. His brows contracted, and again he nervously bit his lips, while a muttered growl of "Hang it," escaped him. Next moment he had solved the difficulty, however. His left hand went to his trouser pocket, and out came his knife. He opened the blade and carefully inserted it between the sashes where they met at half distance. A little wriggling of the blade and he felt the fixture that held the window; then, with but little effort, he sprung



the bolt back. He closed his knife, replaced it in his pocket, and hoisted the sash; then he crawled through the opening, but not before he had glanced below and noted that his helper was still waiting.

He started to light the single gas jet with which the room was provided, but reconsidered his action. Then he entered the little closet, and opening his trunk, drew out the rope with which it had been corded. Systematically he wound one end around his wrist, returned to the open window and cast down the free end. Then, leaning far out, he hissed:

“Make a slip-knot and fasten it around the bundle; get a move on you; tell me when you’ve done it.”

Without a word the man made fast as instructed, and then a fearfully whispered “All right, sir,” announced the task was completed.

Greenapple commenced to haul the bulky package upwards. It caught here and there in the ivy, but with savage energy he tugged it free, and soon had it safe on the window-sill. Then he leaned out.

“All right, you can go now,” he whispered down.

No sound answered him. The man had already slunk away into the darkness.

“Scared to death,” muttered Greenapple,



with a grin, as he carefully closed the window and dragged the bundle into his room, where he deposited it in the center of the floor.

Then he again took out his knife; cut the many tough strings, and carefully, almost reverently, lifted up the soft, clinging contents, and deposited it in his closet. The tough brown paper and mass of string followed; then the closet door was closed and locked, and in darkness the American swiftly undressed and flung himself upon his comfortable bed-ham-mock.

“By the Great Horn Spoon, I’m tired,” he muttered.

Two minutes later the regular breathing told that the exhausted boy was fast asleep.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE FLAG-RAISING

"HIP-HIP!" yelled young Brooks, breaking into Roger's room the following morning. The captain and his chum had just been going over recitations.

"Shut up," ordered Roger, "Dob and I are busy. Cut away to your class-room; it's nearly nine now."

"Oh, but the junior school has no session this morning, you know," explained the fag. "Flag-raising, you know; you chaps are to get off at ten-thirty, too. Isn't it a bully day — ripping; clear and fine like spring."

"All right, cut off now, anyway," insisted Roger; "we chaps have two and a half hours' work if you fellows haven't."

"All the fellows are to attend in black and mortarboards, you know," the youngster went on, still hesitating in the doorway.

"I know, I know; cut, I tell you. Look here, Dob, this old chap, Babus, is still doing his masonry work in the subjunctive, I tell you; can't you get that into your noddle?"



"There's the bugle," growled Dobson, shutting his book with a bang; "we've got to cut, too. Come along, old man."

"We could have got it if that silly beggar Brooks hadn't interrupted," lamented the captain. "All right, then, come along; maybe Murray can make it clear."

Study that morning was beset with difficulties. From the playing field and quadrangle came the shouts of the lower schoolboys capering around the great flagstaff, and it was a relieved lot of seniors who finally betook themselves to their dens to dress in all the full glory of Eton jackets, freshly creased trousers, spotless broad collars, and mortarboards.

Doctor Proctor had been called away by the illness of a relative, and the Rev. Milton Murray was in charge of Henley. The flag-raising ceremony, however, was an unofficial event. The flagstaff had been strictly a boys' affair, subscribed for and erected with their money, and now a boy had replaced it. The flag-raising was to be under the direction of the captains. The seniors had bought a great British Union Jack, and Greenapple had been waited upon and notified to be present at eleven o'clock to perform the act of hoisting.



The four house captains, Powell, Guiting, Dobson and Wallace, came in stately march from the central entrance of Henley's chapel. Each captain held a corner of the flag. At the rear followed the school captain, Roger Jackson, and behind him came nearly the entire school, all in mortarboards and black.

"Where's Greenapple?" demanded the captain, as the procession reached the base of the newly erected staff.

"He was notified to be here by eleven — ah, here he comes now; why — why —" broke off Wallace, as he espied the almost grotesque figure of the American blundering, head down, toward the pole.

"Well, what in thunder is he dragging along?" stammered Dobson.

All eyes were turned toward the approaching boy, who, clothed in a rough tweed suit, was almost staggering along with a great bulky package, the same he had hauled into his den the night before.

"Might have taken the trouble to dress decent after we asked him," grumbled Guiting. "What in the world has he got there, the silly beggar?"

Nearly every one of the thousand odd boys who were congregated around was asking the same question.



"Come along, Greenapple," shouted Roger sharply, "we're all waiting for you."

A premonition of coming trouble came to the captain, as he called.

"I'm coming," growled Greenapple. "All day before us; no hurry."

He arrived at the base of the towering staff, rather out of breath, and deposited the bundle he was lugging on the canvas that lay around the pole.

"What have you got that flag for?" he demanded, indicating the British ensign.

"To hoist, of course," Roger said.

"Oh, I've got a flag; went to London and bought it especially." He was rapidly unwinding his bundle, as he spoke. There was a half-humorous, half-savage glitter in his eyes.

The five captains stood apart, uncertain just what to do, waiting for him to disclose his bunting.

"It looks big enough," commented Roger, with a smile, endeavoring to ease off the situation, for the Henley boys clearly did not take kindly to the substitution of flags. They had subscribed for and bought this Union Jack. Still, the new American had put up the staff, so they were ready to admit his right to provide also the flag if he wished to do so.

"It is a whopper!" ejaculated Dobson,



bending over and examining a corner of the bunting Greenapple was taking out. "Why — why — what kind of a flag is it?"

"The Stars and Stripes, of course," growled Greenapple, suddenly shaking free a part of the great flag. "Help me whip it on; I can't do it all myself. It's the largest I could get — nineteen by thirty-six feet."

"What!" ejaculated Guiting, Wallace and Dobson, in unison. "The Stars and Stripes — The American flag!"

Powell made a sudden start forward.

Roger stood still — stood staring at the flag of his native land, the dear old Stars and Stripes. The blood quickened in his veins, and his heart beat a gallop, then his face blanched. His premonition of coming trouble had not been groundless.

From the rear came a babel of shouts, and the trampling of many youthful feet.

"The American flag!" "The Stars and Stripes!" "The Yankee flag!" the cry rang from the rear, as nearly a thousand boys endeavored to crowd to the front.

Greenapple glanced around quickly. An ugly scowl was on his face.

"Yes, the Stars and Stripes," he growled, backing away a little. "Anything to say about it? Guess I have a right to fly



my own flag so long as I paid for the pole, eh? ”

Next instant Roger had recovered himself. He was an American, but he was also captain of Henley. He strode forward and faced his countryman.

“ Greenapple,” he said, and his voice was so hoarse he scarcely recognized it himself, “ Greenapple, you ought to know we can’t hoist that flag here for the first time; later, another time perhaps, but not now; you couldn’t expect that, you know.”

“ Oh, get off,” snapped the donor. “ Sure, it’s going up right here and now; help me whip it on.”

He commenced to thread on the cord.

Roger, white, as he always was when laboring under any strong emotion, sought to stop him.

There was a slight scuffle — half friendly, half in earnest. That started the riot.

There was a sudden rush of the four captains; a whoop and a roar from behind, and the next moment the Stars and Stripes was the center of a mad, shouting mob of Henley schoolboys. The captains, Greenapple and flag went down in a mad pell-mell, and a hundred pairs of hands were struggling to get at the American flag.

Roger scrambled to his feet. Greenapple was up as quickly, and struck fiercely at his



countryman. The captain side-stepped, and catching his wrist, he wrenched it down by main force.

"Don't be an ass, Greenapple," he shouted, "don't you see the thing can't be done now and here?"

"Put your props down," roared Greenapple, wrenching himself free. "The flag's going up. It's going up *now*, consarn you all!"

The boy was mad with rage. He clung desperately to the Stars and Stripes. Others sought to tear it from him.

"Let go! Let go, you loafers!" he bellowed, and with his free hand he cleared a path around him. His face and neck were crimson; the veins on his forehead stood out like rivers of ink, and "biff, bang, biff, bang!" down went a Henley boy at every blow. As he backed away, forced by the hundreds of yelling schoolboys, he still retained his grip on one corner of the precious flag; the rest of the bunting trailed away on the ground, as he was driven back; twenty — thirty feet of it, and over it clawed, tramped and tore the angry Henleyites. All order, all decency, all "form" was thrown to the four winds. Captains and monitors, prefects and fags; whales, salmons, mackerels, sprats, minnows and shrimps, all wriggled and twisted, tore, shouted and screamed, in a wild



jumble, and in the midst of it all, like a very demon, fought back the bull-necked, giant-shouldered, red-headed American boy. In vain the seniors shouted their commands for order. In vain Roger sounded his captain's whistle. Henley had gone mad; heeded nothing, cared for nothing, and neither did the rage-crazed Greenapple.

And then suddenly in the midst of that disgraceful scene there sounded, loud and insistent, the blare of a bugle. Again and again it sounded, each time more compelling and authoritatively.

It was the sergeant's bugle! "Old Glum's" call to "fall in."

"Fall in! Fall in!" the bugle insisted louder and louder.

By ones and twos; by sixes and dozens the boys stopped. They listened. Reason came back, and all Henley halted and waited.

"Fall in! fall in!" still blared the bugle, and then the boys became aware of the tall form of the Rev. Milton Murray in their very midst, and close by his side, Sergeant Rouse, "Old Glum." The master's clerical collar had been nearly ripped off his neck. One sleeve of his black coat was torn from the shoulder, and a tiny stream of crimson was trickling down over his forehead.



An awful silence reigned — a silence the more pronounced because of the preceding hubbub. Then the master's voice was heard in quiet, authoritative tones:

"Let the school fall in, sergeant."

"Fall in, fall in," roared the drill master, and the mad, rioting Henley of a moment before became again the old Henley.

It was as if some of the parts in a great machine had suddenly broken out of place and each worked on independently and by itself, creating untold confusion, and then as if those parts had as suddenly jumped into position again, and the whole machine resumed its even, rhythmic swing.

In two minutes a battered and torn crowd of breathless boys were formed in six divisions.

"Dress! Little fingers in line with the seam of the trousers. Eyes front. Mark time. Halt!" came the loud commands of the drill sergeant. Then he stepped back. Henley was in hand again.

The Rev. Milton Murray walked slowly to the center of the long lines.

"School captain to the front," he ordered. "House captains to the front. Dress. Attention. Follow me, please, gentlemen."

One boy had failed to form in line. One boy had refused to take part in the general



reorganization of Henley. He stood leaning against the flagstaff, one corner of the Stars and Stripes still in his grip. He was Solomon Greenapple. Mr. Murray and the captains approached him. The lad was past caring for anybody or anything. He stood erect, as the little band approached him, and again his fists clenched.

Mr. Murray took no notice of him. His gaze was directed upon the long, trailing, mud-besmirched Stars and Stripes.

"House captains, each a corner," was his command. "Jackson, assist me."

Carefully, slowly, with reverence, the Henley senior house master raised the flag from the mud-trampled ground. His features were stern and severe. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the mud from the starry banner. He smoothed out the creases; he patted down the tears, and then, still very carefully and reverently, he commenced to fold it in long lengths.

As he folded it, he came nearer and nearer to Greenapple. At last he stood in front of the boy.

"Give me that end, Greenapple," he commanded.

For a moment the boy looked as if he would refuse. He glanced in the eyes of the house



master. He saw only good-will and friendship — almost sympathy — there. He surrendered his hold.

“Thank you,” said Mr. Murray. “Place the flag across your shoulder, Greenapple. Now follow me, please, and the captains.”

The small party retraced their steps and again faced the long lines of schoolboys.

“Captains to your places; Greenapple, take yours,” ordered the master, and all obeyed.

There came a brief silence. Then Henley's master spoke.

“Boys,” he said, “I wish I could forget that scene. I shall endeavor to do so. But first I wish to tell you something. Something I hope you will remember as long as you live. You have committed this morning an unpardonable act. Your conduct was that of a crowd of roughs. I once saw a regiment of seasoned regulars, when under fire, suddenly become panic-stricken, and break headlong from the field. Your action this morning reminded me of them. The cases are precisely similar. You both lost your courage, your decency, your self-respect. I say nothing of the ill-advised action of the boy who undertook to hoist this flag. His fault — a mistake of judgment, only — sinks into insignificance besides yours. Henley — Henley fellows! Some



of you expect to enter the diplomatic service; many of you are pointed for the army and navy — all three professions where respect for a foreign flag is compelling, paramount; and you have failed to show yourselves capable; you have failed to grasp the situation. You have shown yourselves as a set of ill-mannered, ill-bred, contemptible curs. I am ashamed of you. This flag — this flag that, next to your own, should be the most honored by you — the flag for which you should be willing to shed your blood, the flag of kinsmen, you have trod upon it; trampled upon it; smirched it with mud. Out upon you! Shame upon you! All boys to their rooms, and remain there the rest of the day. Sergeant, march them off.”

“Attention! Form fours, forward; march; left wheel,” bellowed Sergeant Rouse, and Henley was marched off in disgrace.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE AFTERMATH

Not a Henley boy spoke to Greenapple that day. Henley was angry; angry and vexed with all; angry and vexed with itself. The aggressive American was not the boy to court comradeship. He appeared to be perfectly content with his own company. He had explained this rather pithily to Roger one day before when the latter had invited him to meet some sixth form boys in the captain's room for tea. "No, thanks; don't care to; I'm in good company when I'm with myself," he had declined.

Afternoon school was resumed as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. No master spoke of the disturbance of the morning. Even the seniors had little to say to one another regarding it. All Henley was pausing, considering, taking itself to task. In the lower school, however, the juniors could not contain themselves with their seniors' calmness. The first, second and third forms were all agog with the aftermath of the riot.



"He'll have to be expelled," cried young Hanks to his crony, Brooks, "and then I won't have to fag for him any more."

"Certs, he will," agreed the captain's fag. "Henley won't stand for such a cad, you know."

"We'd have got that flag away from him in another second if old Murray hadn't sprung himself on us," went on Hanks.

"Oh, say, wasn't Murray a sight, though?" exploded Brooks, almost doubling himself up with convulsed laughter.

"You bet. His bally sleeve was pulled right out, and his collar swiped. Wonder who did it? I didn't know he was there until I heard him shouting right on top of me. Who pitched into him, do you suppose?"

"No one in particular; he just got all mixed up in the mess, and pulled about; say, it was bally bad form, though, wasn't it?"

"Rather," agreed Brooks. "My man's going to jump on me something awful, I know. He hasn't spoken to me yet, but he looks thunder whenever I go in his den. You see, Greenapple is a Yankee like he is."

"Oh, I know, but not in the same class, though. Why, Jackson's a trump and the other fellow's a cad."

"Say, but Greenapple can scrap, though, eh?" suggested Brooks, a grin breaking over



his face, as he thought of the fight of the morning.

"Well, he can," half reluctantly admitted Hanks. "He certainly did hang to that flag; our fellows got all mixed up and began clawing one another. Why, young Halford got hold of me and was downing me, while I was hanging on to one end of the flag, and even after I shouted to him to let me alone, he still hung on, the silly beggar; seemed to think I was trying to get the flag away from him or something of the sort. Never saw such a bally mess; every fellow jumped on the other; got wild, you know."

"There's going to be a grand flare up about it when old Proct. gets back to-morrow. More lines, and I haven't got those done the captain gave us for that chariot race yet; he asked me for them yesterday. Shouldn't wonder if Proct. doesn't have the sergeant do some tanning for this business this morning, though."

"Say, maybe he'll tan Greenapple," cried Hanks hopefully.

"Oh," chuckled Brooks, with solid satisfaction, "maybe he will."

"Say, do you suppose," suggested Hanks, a sudden doubt creeping into his mind, "that he could?"



“Who, Old Glum? You bet! Who would dare to turn rusty against him?”

“I’ll bet Greenapple would,” declared Hanks, with conviction. “I don’t believe he cares a hang for any one.”

“Well, he followed Murray like a lamb.”

“Oh, Murray; that’s different. Murray has — has — I don’t know — a sort of a funny way, hasn’t he? Looks at you so odd; sort of makes you feel ashamed of yourself, eh?”

The call of his man took Brooks away at that moment. He found the captain still uncommunicative, and the evening’s work was prepared with little or no conversation; but after tea the fag was dispatched with notes to the four house captains, and a little later they met in Roger’s den, and went into solemn conclave.

There was dissension among the captains. Three of them were in favor of sending Greenapple at once to strict “Coventry” (ostracizing him). The school captain was insistent that nothing should be done until Doctor Proctor took some action. Considerable feeling was displayed, and a heated discussion took place.

“You’re just doing this and backing him up, Jackson, because he comes from the States,”



accused Guiting, who had always been down on the new American.

"Yes," agreed Powell, "and you should remember you are captain of Henley first and a Yankee afterwards. You swore, you know, when you were elected, to put the school first and everything else afterwards."

"I intend to," said Roger curtly, "everything except my country, and of course, I'll admit that Greenapple has my sympathy more than he would perhaps if he wasn't an American. That's all right, too. I'm an American, and my country comes before everything else."

"Even Henley?" questioned Guiting, with a leer.

"Of course," snapped Roger, glaring at his questioner.

"Look here, what's the use of you chaps making such asses of yourselves?" demanded the bull-headed Dobson. "Of course, Yank'll stick up for his country first of everything; he'd be a cad if he didn't, but that won't interfere with his doing the right thing as captain of Henley."

"I'm not so dead sure of that," doubted Guiting.

"Nor I," agreed Powell.

"Your uncertainty makes no difference to me," retorted the captain.



"No, but perhaps it does to the school."

"We shall see," growled Dobson.

"We shall," threatened Guiting, and followed by Powell, he swung out of the door.

Wallace and Dobson still remained with the captain, and again the much-vexed discussion was resumed.

"I'll resign in a minute if the fellows want me to," Roger declared.

"Don't be an ass; no one wants you to resign; they didn't mean that at all," muttered Wallace.

"Yes, those two chaps do," asserted Roger, nodding towards the door.

"Oh, they've been sore ever since you were elected; they'd like a school captain from their own houses, of course."

"Why don't you send for Greenapple and tell him he's got to put this thing straight by apologizing or something of that sort?" demanded Dobson.

"I think the apology should come from the school as well as from Greenapple," retorted Roger, "and," he went on, "I did send for him some time ago, and he told Brooks to tell me 'Go soak my head.'"

"Nice injunction," commented Wallace.

"Oh, that's the whole trouble with that chap; he's too hot-headed. He's off; he's not



Henley's style; you know he isn't, yourself, Yank," Dobson said.

"All the same," demurred the Henley captain, "there's more to Greenapple than you fellows think. He's all right at the bottom if you scratch him deep enough, but he's been continually rubbed the wrong way ever since he came here, and it's made him cross-grained. I expect he'll have to leave Henley; I don't believe he'll ever stand it here."

"No, and I don't think Henley will ever stand him," returned Wallace.

So without any definite plan of action, without having accomplished anything, the meeting of the captains broke up.

To the utter surprise of the school, Doctor Proctor, upon his return to Henley, took very little cognizance of the unfortunate affair. After morning prayers next day, his only reference was:

"I have heard with deep regret that during my absence yesterday you young gentlemen of Henley forgot yourselves, and gave an amazing display of bad breeding and manners, a suggestion of which, I deeply regret, has become public through the medium of the press. I shall have nothing further to say on this unfortunate subject. I believe that your own consciences will take you more severely to task



than I could possibly do, and will punish you far more than any chastisement that I could possibly devise. I am deeply mortified; I am ashamed of you all. You are dismissed, gentlemen."

The school gasped. Was this to be all the aftermath of that unprecedented scene? No lines, no "crimping," no caning! Henley blushed, and was ashamed of itself.



## CHAPTER XIII

### THE SCHOOL CREW

THE captain did not permit the unfortunate affair to interfere any more than was possible with the practice of the crews for the Public School Challenge Vase — the great race on the Thames at London — which event was now only three weeks away. Neither did Mr. Murray, their coach. The house master was on hand for evening practice as if nothing had happened. Only his slightly discolored right eye bore witness to the *mêlée* of the day before.

The crew for the important event had been definitely selected, and the boys took their places in the shell in the following order:

Dobson,	10 st.	11	. . . .	bow
Wallace,	9 "	5	. . . .	2
Bradbury,	10 "	0	. . . .	3
Powell,	8 "	13	. . . .	4
Guiting,	8 "	11	. . . .	5
Dodge,	9 "	0	. . . .	6
Jamison,	9 "	6	. . . .	7
Jackson,	9 "	8	. . . .	stroke
Dauncy,	7 "	6	. . . .	coxswain



The school eight was a husky one, even for Henley, and Henley had always been a "river college." The beef was there, the speed was there, and it was to be devoutly hoped the staying powers, too, for the Putney to Mortlake course over the Thames at London is about the most trying, heart-breaking test to which any crew can be put, far exceeding the shorter, though faster-rowed courses of the great National Regatta at Henley-on-Thames, in Oxfordshire. The Putney to Mortlake course is the same as that rowed over by the Oxford and Cambridge crews in their annual fixture. It is four and one half miles in length, and only seasoned crews with staying powers can hope to negotiate it with any chance of success.

That afternoon Mr. Murray gave the college crew a full-length trial, matching them out against three scratch crews, the first taking them along to the Crab Tree, the second waiting for them there, and carrying them along to the steel bridge, while the third shell urged them along for the final one mile and a half to the finishing line at Coberly Mills.

Mr. Murray, who was a splendid all-round man, had been running with them during the shorter trials, but was now mounted on a cob, megaphone in hand. An old college chum of his was also coaching from a launch in the



rear. A big following of Henleyites accompanied the crews on the banks, as long as their wind lasted.

The two weak men in the crew were Powell and Dodge, at numbers four and six, respectively. There had been a considerable shifting of positions in the middle sliders, but it was hoped the final seating had now been settled.

The school and scratch crew got well away at the first start, the regular's sculls taking the water at the crack of the gun, and at once they went to the front, the scratch crew pushing them for all they were worth. They were never in it, however, and at the Crab Tree the Thames crew was two good lengths to the fore, moving with the precision of a machine, while the scratch crew were ragged and fairly played out.

Mr. Murray was complimentary through the megaphone, and the Henley shell raced up to the second waiting crew, which had got going as the Thames crew swept around the bend. Roger called on his men for a spurt, and took his shell up to the scratch men at a great pace. Then he felt something going wrong behind him with the middle men, and Mr. Murray was shouting:

"Four and six, more leg work!"

There was an instantaneous improvement,



and the shell ceased its slight rolling. The scratch crew was pushing them, however, and it was all Roger could do to break even with them, canvas to canvas, at the end of a fast mile and a half. And then began the last grueling twenty-two hundred yards, with a fresh crew to pace them. This was the real test. Every man in the Henley shell knew it. Again the skipper called on his men for a spurt, and again came the dogged reply with a well-drawn-through thirty stroke.

"Come along! Come along!" shouted Mr. Murray, from the bank. "Kick your stretcher, there, six! More swing, six; you're getting short. More finish, bow, more finish."

A few boys on the bank were still keeping pace with the racing shells, and from them Roger suddenly heard shouts of:

"'Ware school shell, there! 'Ware school shell!"

Mr. Murray had raised his megaphone, too, and was shouting at some obstacle ahead.

Dauncy gave a sharp pull on his starboard line: "Backwater, all," he commanded. "All right, pull!" and almost before the crew realized it the shell was shooting past a single scull outrigger, whose occupant had contrived to get his boat in between the racing crews.



As he flashed past, Roger took a hasty glance at the sculler in the outrigger.

It was Greenapple!

He was paying little attention to the crews, but pulled past them with short, snappy little strokes. Angry cries followed him from the bank as he sped down stream. It was an unpardonable offense for anybody or anything to get in the way of a school shell; all rowers were supposed to pull in to the bank and await its passing, but little cared Greenapple for Henley's river laws or traditions, and Henley was beginning positively to hate Greenapple, and abhor the sound of his grotesque name.

The school shell finally finished the long try-out a few feet behind the last of the scratch crews, in the very respectable time of 22 minutes, 14 seconds.

Mr. Murray was satisfied, if not elated.

"There was a little blow against you, but you had the current. I think you may have a look in if you don't go stale," was his comment. "It was unfortunate the outrigger interfered, or I think you might have finished with more speed."

The incident of Greenapple's blunder added one more to the notches the school was counting up against him. They considered his act had been intentional. As a matter of fact,



it had been nothing of the kind. Greenapple, quite a powerful sculler, had been returning from a long pull up-stream when he first became aware of the shouted warnings, but before he realized it, it was too late to turn in. Had he done so, he would have put his shell broadside on to the school crew's, and been run down. He quickly took the only other course left to him; he shot in between the two crews, and beyond a slight cessation of speed, no great harm was done to the hopes of Henley. He growled as he pulled on towards the college:

“ I suppose the idiots think I did it on purpose. Let 'em. What do I care. I know I didn't, anyway; what would I want to blanket their crew for? ”

He reached the shed, ran in the outrigger, and proceeded moodily to his den. He sat down at his desk; ran back the roller, and savagely pulled out some books. Then his eyes traveled restlessly about the room, and out through the window. They finally rested upon the flagstaff, tapering skyward, bare and flagless in the sharp evening spring air. He scowled heavily.

“ Consarn the old thing,” he growled under his breath. “ I wish it would fall down.”



## CHAPTER XIV

### A MYSTERY

THE captain did not often dream, but that night, after his return from the pull up river, he and Dobson worked along in Roger's den until well into the night, and when he finally ceased study, he was thoroughly tired out. Perhaps that may account for his dream. Both the boys were entered for the "Oxford Senior" examination to be held at Easter. Some thirty-six of Henley's seniors were engaged in this most difficult test. Both the captain and his chum had gone through the Preceptor's examination while in the third form. The Oxford Junior had given up its honor pass to them as fifth form boys, and now they "were riding at the big water jump," as Dobson, in his north-country parlance, expressed it. This night they coached each other along until the clock struck the midnight hour.

"I'm through for to-night," announced Roger, flinging himself back in the chair.



"I'm with you," agreed Dobson, "good night, old man."

The door banged behind him, and Roger lost no time in getting between the sheets. Once, ere he dozed off, that unpleasant episode of the fouling by Greenapple on the river came back to him, but he dismissed the thought, and composed himself for sleep. He was longer than usual that night in wooing old Morpheus. A strong wind had sprung up and was rattling the sash of his window, and some fellow in the room beneath him had suddenly come to life, and commenced to punch the bag. The biff, bang, biff, bang, of the ball against the platform disturbed the captain.

"Confound the idiot," he growled sleepily. "If he keeps it up long I'll go down and crimp him for it. It's that beggar Bradbury, I know; I don't see when he gets his sleep."

The next thing, he must have dozed off, for when he awoke it was all as quiet as the dead. The wind had ceased, and the captain lay wide awake wondering why. Then he remembered he had dreamed. It was all about that wretched outrigger of Greenapple's. He had dreamed that the great race on the Thames was on. The school shell was just fighting out a punishing finish with some other crew, and he had called on his men for the last spurt, and then that



shell of Greenapple's suddenly appeared right across his bows, and Dauncy had veered off, and the other crew had shot to the front and won and — Why, what was that?

Crash! Bang! Crash! Bang! came a series of thunderous sounds, and then a tearing, a rending and a splintering, and — but Henley's captain waited for no more. With a leap, he was out of bed. He dashed to the window; he snapped up the shade with a crack, and stared out across the quadrangle. It was dark as pitch; he could see nothing, but the alarming crashing and tearing still continued, although in a lessening degree. He heard a window flung up above him. Then one on his right. A light sprang up here and there from different windows. Some one shouted: "What's the bally matter, there?" Then another voice answered: "Something wrong in the square." Other voices and other lights sounded and sprang up everywhere, and then Roger had jumped into his trousers and shirt, and was bounding down the stone stairs four steps at a time.

He was the first boy to reach the outside. The door was locked, but the night porter was just on the point of opening it. Roger hurried him along, and next moment was outside. He had proceeded but a few steps when



he stumbled over a big coping stone, and then almost came down on his hands and knees, as his foot caught in a mass of wire and a splintered piece of wood. Like a flash the startling truth burst upon him.

The flagstaff was down again!

Yes, he could see the wreck now by the twinkling lights from half a dozen windows, as the occupants lit their gas and hurried on their clothes. And then he became aware of another boy close at his side, not a dozen feet away.

"Hello!" he shouted. "What's the trouble here?"

There was no reply. The form vanished. He ran toward where it had been, and caught a vision of a pair of dangling legs quickly ascending above him. An idea of burglars flashed through the captain's brain, and he sprang to grasp the vanishing legs, but they were beyond his reach. He heard a scraping above his head on the second floor, and then a swift, rushing, snapping sound, and a rope danced before his eyes for a brief second in the uncertain light. He grabbed at it, but it slipped away above him and was gone. A window closed higher up, and then all was quiet. Next moment he was joined by two other lads, and then Dobson, all breathless and excited,



was with him, and then Bradbury and Cossock, and a lot more of Murray house fellows, all demanding to know what was up?

"Bring a lantern; get a light from somewhere," commanded the captain. The hall porter came rushing out with a lantern. He held it aloft, and then the boys saw the ruin around them.

It was too true. The flagstaff was down again!

By this time the fourth form master, Mr. Kilgordon, was out, and then "Old Glum," and Mr. Murray.

"What is all this again?" demanded the Henley house master, as by the feeble light of the lantern he endeavored to pierce the gloom.

"It's the staff down again, sir," cried Roger. "The noise woke us all up. Look, sir!"

Seizing the lantern from the porter's trembling hands, Mr. Murray climbed over the mass of wreckage. Some of the boys had secured lights of various description, and together the little crowd made their way toward the center of the square.

It was very obvious long before they reached the base that the flagstaff was lying prone, but a glance at the massive stump of the pole caused all to start back with cries of dismay



and surprise. The great pole, some two feet in diameter, had been cut through as neatly as a carpenter could do it; sawed completely through for three-fourths of its thickness, and then the towering pole had evidently toppled over, and saved the unknown wrecker the trouble of further work, for it was splintered and jagged there.

In an excited, clamoring, amazed group, the masters and boys examined the wreck.

"Look, sir!" cried Bradbury, appealing to Mr. Murray, "the thing's been done on purpose; it's been sawed through."

"Yes," Mr. Kilgordon pointed out, as he knelt down and made a thorough examination, "and sawed through by some one who knew how to do it. See, it has been felled by some woodsman who evidently knew his business, for he has dropped it so that it fell where it would do the least damage." He pointed toward the corner of the quadrangle.

Mr. Murray remained thoughtfully tugging at his chin. "I cannot understand this," he muttered. Then the next moment he was all action. "Sergeant," he commanded, "get a squad of the seniors together and stop all the exits of the grounds; quickly, please."

In another minute two score of seniors had been enrolled, and under the direction of Ser-



geant Rouse, were spreading out to block the various gates to the college grounds.

"Now form a cordon with all the lads you can find all around the grounds," shouted the master. "Take them in charge, Mr. Kilgordon. Come along, boys; we must catch this miscreant. This dastardly act has been done deliberately."

The school discipline asserted itself, and in a few minutes a cordon was formed all around the extensive grounds. A senior was posted every twenty yards, with a junior each to keep them in touch with one another.

Doctor Proctor and the rest of the masters were upon the scene by this time, and the fast sprinters were dispatched in little squads to scour the grounds for any lurkers.

Roger, returning with five or six of his house seniors, met Greenapple just emerging from the main entrance of Murray's house. It was light now with the gray dawn.

"What's all this darned row?" demanded Greenapple.

"Look for yourself; it's easy reading; your flagstaff is down again," retorted Roger. "Didn't you know it?" he demanded, slowly looking his countryman straight in the eyes.

Greenapple did not reply, but made his way forward and commenced to look over the wreck.



## CHAPTER XV

### SUSPICION

IN the gray morning the boys commenced to reappear in small companies. They had one and all the same story to tell. They had found no one, seen no one. Whoever had committed the dastardly act had succeeded in getting away without leaving any clue as to his identity.

It was an amazed, almost stunned crowd of boys who filed into the chapel for general morning prayers a few hours later. Doctor Proctor had little to say regarding the disaster; the old chief's strong point was always action, rather than speech, and he said little beyond a passing reference to "the unfortunate and dastardly outrage of this morning," and a promise that every effort would be made to apprehend the miscreant. "The matter has been placed in the hands of the local police," he announced, and then Henley was sent to its daily tasks.

But all day long little knots of boys congregated about at every opportunity, discuss-



ing the amazing, baffling catastrophe of the night before.

Who had demolished their flagstaff?

"The thing's hoodooed," affirmed Dobson to his chum.

"It was a mistake to permit any one boy to erect it at his own expense," condemned the captain.

"I don't see that has anything to do with its being cut down," demurred Dobson.

"No, it has nothing to do with it, but bad luck has seemed to follow ever since; that's all."

"Well, who do you suppose could have knocked the thing down?" demanded Dobson, again turning hopelessly to the much-vexed question.

The captain shook his head. He looked worried.

"You haven't any idea, have you?" still persisted his chum.

There was half a moment's hesitation on Roger's part, and then he said slowly, and with evident deliberation:

"Dob, you and I are chums, and have been ever since I came here, so I'll tell you something I shall not tell any other fellow. I have a suspicion as to who cut the pole down, but it is not strong enough — that is — I have not



enough evidence to make it strong enough for me to mention it to you — not even to you, old man."

"But you have mentioned it," pointed out the astonished Dobson.

"Yes, I've told you I have some suspicion, but I'm not going to point out where that leads to — that is, to whom — not until — not until I'm more sure than I am now. It wouldn't be right to — to the person whom I suspect. There, you have it, Dob. That's all you'll get out of me."

"Well, old man, I wouldn't try to pump you for anything, but, say, Yank, if you do become more certain — that is, you know, if you think you're sure about it, and I can help you run the — the — er — person down — why, call on me, won't you? "

"I will, old man; you may be sure of that, and meanwhile, of course, Dob, you won't mention anything of what I've said to you to the fellows, will you? "

"Of course not; not after what you've said," promised Dobson.

All day long the captain was moody, and his mind continually dwelt upon the circumstances of the disaster. That evening he asked Dobson not to come to his den, as he usually did for preparation work, as he wished to study alone,



and after tea, drawing his chair up before the comfortable, soft coal fire in the open grate of his den, he went into a "brown study." Young Brooks appeared, but he sent him away.

Again he reviewed the events of the last night. His first awakening, his hasty dressing and rapid arrival upon the scene. That feeling that some one was near him, as he rushed outdoors. Then the certainty, and then the confirmation of that certainty, if any was required, by the indistinct vision of a fleeting form. His endeavors to grasp that form; its escape from him; the certainty it had gone upward; the twisting of the rope almost from his very fingers; the noise of the closing window above him. Where had he been then? Exactly where? Under whose window? He gave a little gasp; then his teeth shut tightly, and he followed mentally his other movements. He had rushed out and gathered with the other boys around the broken staff. Then he had been dispatched in charge of six seniors to scour the grounds. He had returned twenty minutes later, and had met Greenapple apparently coming out of Murray's house for the first time, and the boy had asked: "What's all this darned row?" He recalled the exact words. Was that the first time Greenapple had been awakened? Didn't he know what the



row was? Again Roger's teeth gritted, and again his fingers clenched and unclenched nervously. Didn't Greenapple know? And if he did know, why did he ask what was the row? He must, in that case, have known, and if he knew, why should he pretend he did not? But there were so many things to consider. Was he (Roger) certain he was under Greenapple's window when he saw the vanishing form above him? He asked himself this question calmly, forcing himself to consider it dispassionately, without thinking of either Greenapple or Henley. His definite conclusion was that he was within three windows, at least, of the new American's room, and that he might have been immediately beneath it, but that he could not say for a certainty. Then could he say with any greater positiveness who it was that scrambled up to that window? No. He was sure here. He could not. It had been too dark. Next, was that a rope without doubt, that slipped away from him, as he endeavored to grasp it? Yes, he was certain here. It had been a rope, and it had been whisked aloft before he could get hold of it.

The captain leaned back in his reclining chair and flung his hands behind his head. There was a stern look upon his face. He had been educated since first he was old enough



to think to discriminate rigidly between right and wrong. There could be no middle course. He had been taught that. He knew it; he believed it; he had always endeavored to live up to it. He had a clean record at Henley, a record for that downright straightforwardness; that scrupulous regard for the truth that will not dally for a single second with untruths. As in his sparring he always broke clean in the clinches; as in his position at stroke he never shirked his work, but pulled his oar through to the finish like an honest man, and stuck to it until he dropped; as on the gridiron he had never been known to make a forward pass from off side; and as with the foils he always acknowledged promptly the "touch" when the button got home; so in his school life all through everything he carried the reputation of "a straight 'un." When Jackson said a thing, it was so, to the best of his knowledge and belief. It was this trait that had carried him through from sprat to whale, until now he occupied the proud, the honorable and responsible position of Henley's school captain — the first boy in the college.

And now he was up against a great problem. A mighty struggle was taking place within him. Which was the right course to take? There were two. He could shut his mouth, and



say nothing of his suspicions, or he could go to the doctor and his colleagues and tell what and whom he suspected. Which was the right plan of action?

For a year and more something had been growing in Roger — something that many an older head than his has felt develop — a strong, directing inner self. A voice within him that “spoke as one with authority;” a voice against whose decisions there was no arguing; a positive, all-powerful influence that commanded “this way,” or “that way.” “Do this,” or “do that.” This came to the captain always when he was quiet; then it was strongest. Among other boys, in noise or bustle, its commands were not so distinct, but when by himself — “in the silence” — then there was no misunderstanding it. Call it what you will. We know it best by the name of conscience.

It came to him now. It came to him in that downright, positive way he had grown to know so well. He listened to it.

“No,” the voice commanded. “You have no right to cast suspicion on any of your fellows — not upon the evidence you have; it is not strong enough; you would be doing that fellow a wrong. Shut your mouth and wait. It was indiscreet of you to mention it, even to your chum; it has made him uneasy and sus-



picious, when he has no grounds for suspicion. Remain silent."

The captain's face cleared. He arose from his chair and stretched himself. He had found the solution of his perplexities. He saw the right thing to do, and he would do it. He would do his duty as an American, and as Henley's captain.

He whistled a few bars merrily, and drew up to his table with easy mind and concentrated himself upon his work for the Oxford Senior.



## CHAPTER XVI

### HENLEY'S CREW ON THE THAMES

THE school shell, traveling fast between the strokes, had just finished and drifted into the bank, after another full-length test. The boys were exhausted, but elated. The crowd of watchers on the bank were shouting for time information.

"Twenty-two, seven," Mr. Murray informed, as he took the seconds from his timer.

A mighty cheer went up. It was the fastest time yet made by the Henley hopes.

Mr. Murray took the crew inside the shed, and gave them a prolonged talk, as they were being rubbed down.

"Your stroke's down as fine as he can get," he told them. "If the race were to be to-morrow, he'd be fit. Dobson still needs more work, and four and six are weak with their leg-work and slow in recovery. Dauncy, your steering is excellent, and I have no criticism at all to make with the way you handle the lines, with the exception that I would say you should



watch your men a little closer, and keep your skipper posted. On the last four hundred yards, four and six, in endeavoring to keep up with Jackson's stroke, got into difficulties. You should have posted him."

"Four and six are lazy, sir," Roger complained, with a wink at Powell and Dodge. "If I had slowed down at the finish they would have only taken it still easier."

The two weak men, lying prone on planks, denied the captain's imputation with vehemence, and insisted that they rowed up to their last ounce.

"Oh, well," Mr. Murray consoled, "you've four more days yet, and you two have plenty of weight, so there's no need to spare yourselves."

"Only four more days!" exclaimed Roger, "why, the race isn't for a week yet, sir."

"I know," the coach admitted, "but during the last three days you must be on the Thames getting used to the course and practising starting. You leave Henley next Wednesday, and will put the finishing touches on in London. Have no fears, boys, when next Saturday comes I shall put you on your sliders fit to row the race of your lives."

The coach was as good as his word. When that great Saturday dawned the Henley crew,



looking like greyhounds, and moving with the precision of a well-oiled machine, paddled slowly down to the starting point at Putney.

American boys may find it difficult to believe that the river commerce of the world's greatest city is completely suspended for two hours in order that the British public schools may determine which among them is entitled to claim the premier position in the aquatic world that year. Such is the fact, however. Twice a year the river police stop incoming and outgoing craft from and to the port of London for the space of two hours; once when the great universities settle the question and once again when the public schools, from which later will come the university students, also determine the same question.

Thus it was that the Henley eight, as they paddled slowly down to Putney, gazed out upon an empty river — empty along its broad reaches as far as Mortlake — four and one half miles of magnificent water, winding away in much the shape of an elongated S.

But the river edges — the banks! They were far from being deserted. Thousands upon thousands, and tens of thousands upon tens of thousands crowded them at every vantage, making the banks black, against which the great structure of Hammersmith Bridge stood



out spindling and gaunt-looking. What a magnificent view must that solitary policeman obtain, as stationed exactly in the center of the bridge, in solitary grandeur, he looks up and down the river. One always envies him on race days. But, after all, perhaps the occupants of the puffing, fussy little steamers in the rear have as good an all-round view as any one. They see the entire race from start to finish, whereas the rest of the spectators have only a passing glimpse, as the shells flash past them.

But little was the Henley crew thinking of these things. "Attend strictly to the starter and your own shell," had been Mr. Murray's last word, as he watched them push off, and Henley was endeavoring to follow instructions that day.

The battle of river supremacy between the public schools had been fought out on the rivers of the different contestants, until only three had qualified for the final test on the Thames.

The far-famed Eton crew; the always-dangerous Radley boys, and the budding aspirants for national rowing honors, Henley College. Last year Eton had won by lengths, so now, as challengers, the Henley and Radley crews appeared first at the starting point.

With what deafening shouts did the river



crowd greet the Red and White Radleyites, as, swinging like the pendulum of a clock, their boys came first to the starter's launch. And then another outburst of enthusiasm, as the Red and Black colors of the boys from Gloucestershire hove in sight, and yet a mightier shout, as London's favorites, the great Eton crew, swung leisurely down to join their two rivals.

Some hundred odd boys had been given permission to attend from Henley, and of course old Doctor Proctor would not miss witnessing the efforts of his school. He and most of the Henleyites were massed in the bows of their boat, a big, broad-beamed Thames paddle-wheeler, and the air was filled with their vociferous shouts of "Henley! Henley! Hack it through, Henley!" that familiar battle-cry that has so often nerved the old boys of Henley to many a gallant deed on field and ocean.

And then a great silence fell upon the watching thousands everywhere. The crews were taking up positions. Radley had evidently won the toss, for their shell was backing on the Surrey side; then came the Etonians, with Henley on the outside, Middlesex bank. Their captain, always unfortunate with the coin, had lost both tosses, and was forced into the least desirable position, at least for the starting.



He would have the advantage later, however, when they rounded the great bend.

And then came that momentous, ever-familiar question:

“Are you ready?”

Almost before the crowd on the bank had realized it, there came the sharp crack of a pistol, and the shells, looking like long arrows, were off.

“They’re off! They’re off!” the old cry rang along the banks.

The Eton boys had caught the water first, and their flag at once showed to the fore. Radley was after them in workmanlike style, while the Henley shell, on the Middlesex bank, was only a few inches behind.

The race was on!

For the first half-mile all the crews were protected from the east wind, but as they reached the Concrete Wall, the Henleyites first got the rough water, and it told on them. Eton increased her lead to nearly half a length, but Radley held her close.

“Never mind if you lose water a bit round the wall,” Mr. Murray had advised his crew, when he learned the positions. “You must expect that, as you get the bad water first. Increase the length of your stroke, Jackson, and keep your crew from getting ragged.”



The Henley skipper had drank deeply from the rich fountain of his coach's experience. He did not hurry his men, but kept the form up. The Henley crew was rowing a powerful thirty stroke, and the long, sixty-foot shell was traveling very smoothly, considering the rough water they were encountering.

At the Grass Wharf Eton was just clear of Henley, but Radley, with some difficulty, was just holding them, rowing a short, snappy thirty-two stroke. Then Roger called on his men for their first effort. They gave it with a will, and shot under Hammersmith Bridge a bare length to the rear. Radley was falling behind now. Once, twice, thrice they spurted, and once, twice, thrice they made a momentary gain. From the great crowds on the banks came deafening roars, and carried down to the hard-pulling Henley crew, in spite of the wind, came the encouraging shouts of: "Rowed, Henley! Rowed, indeed, sir! Rowed!" from the green-shire contingent on the following steamer.

The struggle was evidently between Eton and Henley. Radley was getting ragged; their stroke increased to a furious thirty-four, but Roger still stuck to his powerful thirty. He could feel the men behind him were full of ginger; the shell traveled with that confidence-inspiring speed between the strokes, that tells of power



and finish. The feather back was faultless. So far all was well, despite the lead of the Etonians. There was nothing the matter with the Eton crew, though; they were holding themselves well in hand. Just how much staying power they had back of them, Roger did not know; he only felt that his own men were going all right, and that was enough for him. He had not called heavily on them as yet. The test would come at Barnes' Bridge.

At Corney Reach the Henley shell got the disadvantage of the rough water again — their position was giving them all the worst of the deal that day — and again he had to demand a spurt to maintain his position. The captain felt the weak spots at four and six, and Dauncy called savagely at Powell and Dodge. Those two boys always showed badly in rough water.

They pulled it through somehow to Chiswick Tyot, with only the loss of a foot or so, and then, once more in smooth water, Roger nodded to his coxswain, and set a grueling pace for Barnes' Bridge. Little Dauncy was putting more than his head and hands into the work; his very soul was going out, as backward and forward; backward and forward he swung in unison with the dogged crew before him. He was steering a magnificent race.

“ Henley! Henley! Rowed, Henley!



Rowed, indeed, sir!" came the inspiring shouts from the college steamer, while from the banks a dull, hoarse roar of confusion followed the two crews, as they shot under Barnes' Bridge, with the Windsor town (Eton) crew to the fore by the length of their forward canvas.

Now came the struggle! Now for the final test! That last half-mile that breaks so many a good crew! Could the greenshire boys stand the pace? The Eton crew was rowing in magnificent form — a well-drawn-through thirty-two, and Roger called on his men for another effort. It came, but not with the same promptness as before.

The captain was tired, himself — very tired, but he knew that familiar feeling; it could be rowed down, and he was going to do it. He gritted his teeth; kicked his stretcher and pulled for all he was worth. He would keep it up if he broke the men behind him. It was now or never! If they could not stand the pace, they must go to pieces, there was no alternative.

Again Dauncy yelled at the offending four and six:

"Dodge! Powell! Pull it through! Pull it through! All together — one — one — one!"

They were coming again! Roger could feel them! There was more finish. The shell was traveling faster between the strokes. Come on!



Come on! Come on! He was almost level with his rival, the Eton stroke, now! He heard their coxswain yelling at his crew, and knew that they, too, were in difficulties. Oh, for that last fraction of an ounce that wins the race! Now for it! Now for it!

The babel at the finishing post broke on his ears. It was close, very close. He was level! Level with the Eton stroke!

"One, one, one!" yelled Dauncy, as frantically, with voice, body and very soul, he urged the almost-gone men in front of him along: "One, one, one! Come, come!"

A mist — a something gray and black — seemed to envelop Roger. He could not see the Eton shell now — only his own knees and toes; the shell was rolling. All around he heard a roar — a roar that was deafening — why — why — was that people shouting? It sounded to him like surf breaking on the shore. Was he going to faint? Was he going to faint? "Not much," he rasped to himself. It's that last effort that always wins, that very last, when you feel you haven't another in you. How fearfully heavy the oar was — was — was it wedged in the outrigger? Why — why — was that someone shouting: "Henley! Henley! — Henley — Henley — Hen —" His oar slipped from his grasp and he slid weakly back-



ward. The boat rolled so he thought it was capsizing. Dauncy was leaning over him and clinging to him. Was it all over? Had he given in? "Henley—Henley—Henley—Henley! Henley *wins*! — wins — wins — wins!"

The last babel died away in Roger's ears, and it was not until two or three minutes later that he discovered Dauncy leaning over him again, and shouting, or whispering or saying something.

"Look out, you'll capsize her," mumbled the captain.

"You old duffer, we're out — we're in the shed — we're —"

"Did — did we win?" whispered the Henley skipper.

"Bet your sweet life we *won*!" almost yelled Dauncy, exultingly, as he capered wildly about, utterly forgetful that he was a Henley senior. "Won by inches, with two dead men in the shell!"

"Not — not dead?" gasped the skipper.

"Not dead — of course not, you old idiot. Keeled over — all in — fainted. We won! We won! We won!"

"Henley! Henley! Henley!" came the shouts from outside, and Roger leaned back and rested comfortably, endeavoring to wink at the purple features of Powell and Dodge,



as they lay near him, while Dobson, sitting with a wet towel around his brow, and crowned by a lump of ice, growled with monotonous singsong: "We won — we won — we won!"



## CHAPTER XVII

### CELEBRATION

“WHAT — by what did we win?” inquired Roger.

“Inches,” laconically replied Dauncy. “The judge gave us a foot.”

“Oh, it wasn’t,” denied Dobson, suddenly sitting up, and coming to life. “It was a yard. I saw —”

“Dob,” rebuked the coxswain severely, “you always cast doubts upon the official verdict.”

“Well, I don’t care a hang,” argued the combative bow, “I looked across just as we finished, and I was a yard in front of their bow. I saw —”

“Oh, go ’way, Dob; you always do see things at the finish of a race, but you’d have had a difficult job to have seen their bow, for he was keeled over, with his head rammed against number six in his slider. I tell you, you chaps, I never saw such a race in my life. You rowed each other to a standstill, and there were dead men in both shells.”



"Where did Radley finish?" demanded Roger, also sitting up, and beginning to recover.

"Why," Dauncy explained, "they were tailed off a mile from the finish, and then you two crews just pulled and pulled and pulled until you had each other at a standstill, and you almost stopped; and if it hadn't been that you had the cover of the bank, the wind would have blown you both back, and then Radley, seeing how things were, came on again, and at the finish they were only two lengths astern; why, if it had been another hundred yards they'd have come on and won — swear they would."

"Was it like that, no fooling, Daunce?" demanded the skipper.

"On my oath, it was," affirmed Dauncy. "But here comes a crowd of the fellows; they'll tell you. You didn't row in; you just drifted in by a foot, with what steerageway you had on you."

With a whoop and a roar, a crowd of Henley fellows burst into the little shed, and then the story was gone over and over again, and the amazing finish related to the doubting crew. And presently old Doctor Proctor and Mr. Murray and Mr. Kilgordon came in and congratulated them. The old Cambridge Blue



was unusually elated for him, and shook the hand of every man of the crew, and told them that pluck, and pluck alone, had pulled the shell over the line first.

"And your coaching, sir," Roger reminded him.

The old Cab smiled. "Well, that's very nice of you to say that, Jackson, I'm sure. But it was a jolly well pulled finish. You lads did extremely well; extremely. I am very much gratified. It is the first time Henley has placed the trophy to its credit, you know."

But what a reception did the crew get upon its return to Henley! Of course, the entire school turned out, and of course they would that day permit no horses to drag the coach containing their favorites. A hundred enthusiastic lads harnessed themselves up, and back came the Henley Thames crew in magnificent triumph under the big arches erected by town and school on the streets, dragged by a mob of yelling, gesticulating Henleyites, with the great silver Challenge Vase conspicuously displayed on the box seat, and the spokes of the wheels, the backs of the seats and every other vantage point ablaze with the red and black college colors.

And then a burly, rolling, red-faced figure, that spoke eloquently of the Channel chops and



stormy seas, seized the hand of the Henley skipper, as he was lifted to the ground by a dozen pair of willing hands. Old Captain Joshua Dobbs, the Channel seaman, and master of the brig *Kate II*, pushed his way through the crowd of yelling schoolboys, and his voice was raised in a mighty hail:

“What, ho, me young hearties, what ho! Bringing the prize back into port, be ye?”

“Hello, Captain Dobbs!” shouted Roger, endeavoring to make his way toward the old sea dog; “you’re always on hand when there’s anything doing.”

“Bet your life I be — how be ye, Mister Dobson, how be ye, sir? Yer lookin’ broader’n ever, and almighty well.”

The redoubtable captain was gripping with his huge paw a hand here and a hand there, for Captain Dobbs was a great favorite with all Henley. His brig, the *Kate II*, plied between Bristol Channel ports from Bristol to Penzance. It was while on one of these trips that his first ship, *Kate*, had gone aground on the “Homer Sandbar,” and he and his crew had been brought ashore by a party of Henley boys, who were returning from a pleasure trip. Since that time there was nothing too good for Henley or Henley boys; nothing the old salt would not do for his favorites. Never a



"Speech Day" passed but his rollicking, rolling form was seen at the college, where he was always a welcome guest; so now it was not surprising that he was to the fore to welcome home his boys on this, one of their greatest days of triumph — the bringing back of the much-coveted Public School Challenge Vase from the Thames.

There was an impromptu gathering in "The Classic" as soon as school was reached, and deafening shouts of: "A speech! A speech from the captain!" plainly showed that Henley was going to hear its first boy speak.

"You, Dauncy; you do it," urged Roger, endeavoring to thrust forward the coxswain. Dauncy was the school gold medalist and crack debater, but he was not to be inveigled into taking the privilege of "first speech" from the great school stroke. So Roger found himself standing on a desk and waiting for silence, for as the clean-cut figure of the young American towered above them from the desk elevation, Henley went mad again. Deafening shouts and cheers finally merged themselves into the endless "Kentish Fire," and the rhythmic stamp, stamp, stamp, clap, clap, clap, that, like the brook, seems to go on forever. At last, however, Henley was exhausted, and stopped and listened.



"Henley fellows," commenced the captain. "We've done it (frenzied cheering). We've brought back the vase (tremendous enthusiasm). It was a jolly tough pull, as some of you who saw it, know. (Cries of: "Oh, well rowed, sir; well rowed!") Every fellow in the shell did his duty ("Hear, hear, sir!"), and the Eton and Radley chaps rowed a great race ("We won by inches"). Yes, we won by inches, but some of us in our shell didn't know it till afterwards (more Kentish firing). We were a jolly well played-out crew when we finished, and it was a bit of a fluke, you know, at the end. ("No, no, no," vehemently denied Henley.) Well, anyway, we've got the vase (fearful hubbub), and now I want to propose that we all of us give three times three for Eton, and then the same for Radley; those chaps pulled till they could pull no longer, and —" but the school was off again, giving with a will the three times three for their rivals, and when at last the din was over, the slight figure of Augustus Dauncy was distinguished through the dust, waiting for silence.

"Gentlemen," he began, "there is one duty — a most pleasurable duty — that now falls to my lot. It is this: To propose a vote of thanks to our unrivaled, indefatigable coach, the Rev. Milton Murray, without whose in-



structions we could never have won (terrific cheering). The honor lies more with Mr. Murray than with the crew, although we all did our best. Now, gentlemen, all together, with one foot on the desks: 'For he's a jolly good fellow' — come along!"

And then the school was off again in that riotous, rollicking, rolling refrain that repeats itself over and over again:

"For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
And so say all of us, and so say all of us,  
And so say all of us, and so say all of us,  
For he's a jolly good fellow and so say all of us —

"With a hip-hip-hip — hurrah!  
With a hip-hip-hip — hurrah!  
With a hip-hip-hip — hurrah!  
And so say all of us."

There is no saying when the refrain would have ended if old Captain Dobbs had not been observed scrambling up on a desk. His huge red paw was held out for silence, and Henley stopped.

"I wants ter 'dress all hands," declared the Channel skipper. ("Rah for Captain Dobbs — rah for the old boy!") "I wants ter 'dress 'em from th' mast, so ter speak, an' tell 'em as I'm almighty proud o' th' school ter-day.



I seen that there finish, an' there weren't no finer showin' o' pluck ter be seen nowhere. Boys as'll pull as they pulled can't never be beat. They'll make their mark wherever they goes — just plumb can't help it, no wise. My missus, as stood longside o' me on that there penny steamer, nigh bust with excitement, an' had ter rest quite a spell a'terwards. There weren't nothin' finer ter be seen nowhere at no time, an' I'm mighty proud o' yer all. God bless yer all, and God bless th' old school as breeds such 'uns."

And then at last it was over, and Henley betook itself to its dens and classrooms, there in recollection to fight over that great battle again.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE CAPTAIN AND HIS COUNTRYMAN

"It's too bad," Dobson lamented, "that there's no staff on which to hoist the school flag. Here's the greatest kind of an opportunity, and we've no pole to fly the flag on."

"There's the little one in front of the chapel, and the little one by the gym," Roger pointed out.

"Oh, I don't mean toothpicks — I mean a real staff like the one in the quad — say, Yank, who in thunder could have cut that one Crabapple gave us?"

"The one Greenapple gave us," the captain corrected.

"Oh, that's his new nom-de-plume. He's so beastly sour the fellows all call him 'Crab' now."

"I wish they'd be decent to him; he only wants half a chance, and he'd get along swimmingly. He's had it all rubbed into him the wrong way ever since he came here," complained the captain. "He showed he wanted to pull with us by offering that flagstaff."



"Maybe, maybe," growled Dobson, unconvinced.

"And, you know," Roger resumed, "he's coming up to Oxford with the rest of us fellows next week to take that exam, and I suppose he'll be at the same hotel with us. I hope the chaps will be decent to him then."

"Well, he's got to make his own position here; we can't make it for him," summarized Dobson. "Say, Yank," he suddenly demanded, abruptly changing the subject, "you haven't found out anything more regarding that flagstaff affair, have you? You know, you said —"

"No, I have found out nothing more," declared Roger shortly. "Now for this everlasting grind; let's get at it, Dob."

The two lads resolutely attacked their work. The great Oxford Senior was now only one week away. It is always a "stiff jump," as Dobson put it. It is a fair test of one's ability, and an exhaustive one, too. Latin and Greek and one modern language must be prepared, with all the books of Euclid, as well as the modern studies of political economy, etc. What with the classic and modern, the Oxford Senior was, as Dobson said, "a stiff fence at which to ride."

The manner in which they went at their



studies was illustrative of the different dispositions and characters of the boys entered. Roger was fast — always fast in study or sports. It was sometimes necessary for him to go back and pick up again, but undoubtedly he was rapid, and as a rule thorough. Dobson, his running mate, was slower — much slower, but possessed of that grim determination that brooks no obstacles. Eventually “he got there,” a little behind his fast-moving chum, perhaps, but always he “arrived.” He was a “safe man,” as the school expressed it. Then there was Bradbury, a lad of less strength of character, but improving fast, and Cossock — Andrew Cossock-Cossock, a plodder; one of those slow, ponderous plodders who always make good eventually, but go sometimes with annoying slowness. His tutor had once said of him: “I have seen Cossock beaten a dozen times at the same problem, but I have yet to see him finally routed.” Those words exactly describe Andrew Cossock-Cossock. And then there was Greenapple, a really brilliant scholar. His towering forehead was not there for nothing. It spelt brains; power. Greenapple was little short of a genius in his work. All subjects came alike to him. “He swallows them like a shark,” Dobson half grumbled, in talking of him to the captain. His real



power lay in concentration. He would lie around apparently idling for hours, and then suddenly spring into life, and get at his work with astounding energy. Everything seemed to come to his fingers' ends at his call. He always studied alone. No running mate helped Greenapple. In class at recitations he would state his propositions and then prove them with a readiness that was little short of uncanny. Undoubtedly Greenapple was Henley's most brilliant boy. Of course, there was little Dauncy, who could outshine him on some subjects, but as an all-round man Greenapple "was there with the goods," to quote Roger Jackson.

Taken altogether, Henley's representatives at the forthcoming test were likely to give a good account of themselves, and Doctor Proctor was well satisfied with them.

The middle and lower schools were grinding hard for the Easter college examinations, which occurred a week after the Oxford. Young Brooks, the captain's fag, was looking after his man's wants with a faithfulness that knew no bounds, and Roger, now that the training was over, was working sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. He was in splendid form, mentally and physically, and so was his chum, Dobson.



Only one matter gave Roger any uneasiness, and that was that wretched flagstaff affair. He could not help thinking over his suspicions sometimes, try how he would. The debris of the demolished pole had been cleared away, and Doctor Proctor announced that for the time being, at least, no effort would be made to replace it. So Henley was without its great flagstaff that had stood always, and on which it was wont to blaze to the world its triumphs on river, field and classroom.

But now an ugly rumor began to be whispered around. Young Hanks, Greenapple's fag, was the one who started it.

The day after the riot in connection with the flag raising, Greenapple, in a very bad temper, had, in reply to some query of his fag, blurted out:

"I wish I'd never given the darned pole now; I'd be glad if it was chopped down. I'd do it for two pins, too, confound it all!" And then the day following the second disaster Greenapple had expressed himself as being "thundering glad it was down" and had hoped "the silly fools could never get enough cash to put up another."

These two phrases had been reported by the youngster; they had sped from mouth to mouth, and had not lost anything in the telling.



"Look here!" shouted Tucker, a fourth form boy, renowned for his "stuffing." "Look here, this beast of a Yankee — this Greenapple, swore he was going to chop the pole down — the one he gave, just because we wouldn't let him hoist his flag. Told his fag so; I had it straight from Billings."

"Who told him?" demanded an interested listener.

"Oh, it came from Hanks first; he fags for Greenapple, you know. Shouldn't be a bit surprised if the beggar cut it down himself; he's so bally wild because we wouldn't let him hoist his old flag."

Reader, have you ever played a game called "Scandal?" You spin a yarn; whisper it to your neighbor, and he repeats it to his next-hand man. The story goes down the line, and when it has reached the last one, he tells it as it was given to him. Why, you don't recognize your story. The difference is amazing. This illustrates exactly what happened in this case. At the end of two days it was confidently whispered all over school that Greenapple swore he was going to chop his flagstaff down. It was stated that two boys had actually seen him sallying forth at dead of night, axe in hand, to fulfil his threat. Then the wildest rumors began to float around. The captain had



called him in and accused him flatly of having done it, and Greenapple had turned on the captain like a tiger and felled him, at the same time owning up that he had done it and was glad, and that he would chop down any staff that might be erected in the future. A bruise that decorated Roger's right eye — one he had received in a fast four-round affair with the gloves from Dobson's ever-ready left — lent color to the rumor, and then the school took matters into its own hands, and next day Greenapple discovered himself "at Coventry."

Do you know what that means? It means that you are cut — ostracized. That no one speaks to you from morning to evening. That fellows who have been friendly with you now look another way, and if you speak to them, they pass on with a glassy stare.

Greenapple had never been popular. He possessed few speaking acquaintances, but still he had been tolerated. Fellows answered him when he spoke to them. They were civil, if not friendly. But now all was changed. The decree "Greenapple at Coventry" had gone forth. His fag failed to come to his room, and when he went in search of him, he discovered his way beset with difficulties. Not a boy replied to him when he asked if they had seen anything of Hanks, and when at last he saw



his fag in the distance, idling under some shade in one of the first warm days of spring, the youngster, with insolent bravado, refused to notice or speak to his man. Greenapple would have dragged him by force to his room, but a dozen pair of friendly hands spirited the junior away. It is of no use to possess an unwilling fag. If the boy will not, of his own free will, fag for you, he is worse than none, and Greenapple realized this. He returned to his den, swearing vengeance. He needed a fag now — he needed him badly. The Oxford was right on him, and he was putting on the finishing touches to any possible weak places. Now, if ever, he required a fag. In his difficulty he went to the captain. He had learned enough of Henley's regulations to know that its captain was all-powerful.

"See here, Jackson," he blurted out, as he discovered Roger grinding in his den. "I thought you said I could have a kid to fag for me, didn't you?"

The Henley captain looked up. He knew the difficulty.

"Yes," he replied, "you can have one; I recommended young Hanks to you."

"Well, the little beast's skipped; jumped ship; deserted."

"What's the matter?"



"Search me. The whole dog-goned crowd of those chaps are off their bases; that's my honest opinion, Jackson. Not one of them ever opens his mouth to me, and if I ask them anything they pretend they don't hear me. Not that I give a continental for the whole gang here; I can get along without them, but so long as the rules are for the seniors to have a kid to wait on them, I want one. Give me one."

Roger got up, a smile stealing over his worried features. He turned out his pockets and shook his sleeves.

"Think I have one secreted?" he demanded half jokingly.

"Don't get funny," snarled Greenapple grumpily. "I want my fag. If I was at home I wouldn't bother; but here, where it's the rule, I want one, and mean to have one."

"I haven't got one," declared Roger again. "You've got to get your own kid, and there is no rule to make one boy fag for another; it's simply an unwritten Henley law — a custom, you know."

"Shucks!" ejaculated the disgusted Greenapple. "I thought it was a school rule. Well, then, perhaps you can tell me, Jackson, where I've offended that not a fellow speaks to me now? As I say, I don't give a continental, but I'd like to know what I've done."



"Don't you know?" inquired Roger, with a searching look.

"If I did, I wouldn't ask, would I?" snapped Greenapple.

"Sure?" persisted the captain.

The hot blood rushed to Greenapple's face. His fists clenched, and he took a half step forward.

"For two pins I'd knock your silly head off!" he shouted. "When I say a thing it's so, darn you!"

It looked like a scene, but Roger Jackson had not risen to be Henley's captain without showing true worth. He was completely master of himself, and because of that, he was captain of Henley, and master over many. There was no quicker man, or better man at his weight with the gloves in all Henley College than Roger Jackson. Henley had seen him extend himself in the squared circle, and knew what he could do, but like all men of true power, he was slow to use it. The threat of the lad before him did not frighten him in the least.

"Greenapple," he demanded quietly, and there was something in the way he spoke that caused his countryman to halt, "Greenapple, why were you climbing up to your den that night the flagstaff went down, and then why did



you pretend to me that you did not know anything about it afterwards? ”

Again Greenapple started to rush in, and again he halted.

“ You — you — spy — you sneaker! ” he hissed.

“ Sit down,” ordered the captain grimly.

“ Go to blazes! ” roared the other boy, making for the door.

But Roger was there before him — there, with a leap and a bound. He snapped the lock, and wheeled about to face his prisoner.

“ Now,” he continued very quietly, “ you’ll answer my question before you go. You understand? ”



## CHAPTER XIX

### AN INTERRUPTED FIGHT

"There is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come  
from the ends of the earth."

THE captain was calm — suspiciously calm. His face was very white, but there was an ominous glitter in his eyes. He stood with his back to the locked door facing the furious boy. The latter was like an enraged bull, hesitating to charge in. For the third time that evening he appeared to be meditating an attack on the captain, and again he reconsidered his decision. There came a tense silence. Then the captain broke it.

"Greenapple," he said slowly, "you and I must come to an understanding right here and now." It was curious how all the captain's veneer of Henley speech slipped off him when he became in deadly earnest. "I want to be your friend, and I will if you will let me,"



he continued, "but we must have an understanding first; you must answer my question."

"Must, must," repeated Greenapple, with an ugly sneer. "Who says 'must'?"

"I do," said Roger quietly. "I'm captain here, you know. You need a friend," he went on, "and how can I be one to you, when I'm in the dark — when you are concealing something from me?"

The conciliatory tone was not lost on Greenapple.

"Well," he said, "you ought to stand by me more than any one else here. How did you know I was out before you that night, and how did you know I used that rope? Did you see me, was that you tried to grab me?"

"No," replied Roger, "I didn't see you, and I was not sure it was you I tried to grab, but now I know it was. What were you doing there then?"

"I suppose you think I cut my own flagstaff down," sneered Greenapple, "the flagstaff I paid for and gave to the college. What a darn-fool idea, Jackson. Why should I do that?"

"That is for you to answer."

"Do you think that?" persisted the other.

"I'll tell you after you've explained your presence there that night."

"Because, if you do, you're dead wrong."



I didn't scratch the thing. I'll admit I was right mad over that flag-raising business, but that's as far as it went."

"Then why were you out that night before me, and why did you get back secretly, climbing up that way, and why did you try to lead me to suppose that you had not been out before?" still persisted Roger.

"Look here!" shouted Greenapple, his hot temper again rising under the captain's cross-examination, "what do you think you are, anyway, the grand inquisitor?"

"I'm captain of Henley, and I've a right to ask you these questions."

"Captain of fiddlesticks! Right to nothing! Why, for two pins I'd bash you in the mouth and leave you stewing in your own juice."

"Pretty way of expressing yourself," calmly commented Roger. "For a sixth form boy, and one of the fastest we have here in classrooms, I should think you could find better language than that."

"Oh, you're roiling," was Greenapple's only retort, "and because you're so darned roiling, and so darned cocksure and smirky, I'll leave you to guess why I was out before you, and why I didn't choose to rush after you and tell you I was on the grounds before you. Now, go tell the doctor that! Go tell all the idiots



here! Go do whatever you please, you miserable, sneaking skunk of a — ”

“ Better not — better not go too far,” Roger interrupted, taking a quick step forward. “ I’m only human, you know, Greenapple, and I can’t stand for everything; don’t push me too close. If you would control yourself and not go off into those insane fits of passion, I think I might be able to help you; we might come to some understanding.”

“ I don’t want to have an understanding with a sneak and a spy,” roared Greenapple. “ You — you — you renegade! ”

That was the last straw. Roger had been holding himself in hand so far, only with a great effort. That last word broke down his resolve to keep his hands off Greenapple.

“ Put your hands up,” he ordered curtly. “ I’m going to whip you. I’m going to use my captain’s prerogative for once on a sixth form boy.”

Not another word was said. Greenapple came at the captain like a bull, head down, his great fists working like piston rods. There was fully fifteen or twenty pounds difference between the boys, but Roger was longer in the reach and stood three inches taller. He was also in the better condition. Fresh from his training, he was fit, and hard as nails. It is doubtful if



Greenapple, despite his great strength, would have come out victor in a long battle. His whirlwind tactics might have made it difficult for the Henley captain to have stood him off for the first few rounds, but if he could do that, the odds would then be in his favor. It was ordained, however, that the fight should never take place. At that opportune moment there came a well-known kick on the door, and Dobson's lusty lungs demanded:

"Open the door, Yank; what have you got it locked for? I want to come in."

The two angered boys stopped. They stood glaring at each other.

"Another time, then," the captain muttered.

He turned the key, and Dobson blundered in. The newcomer glanced quickly from Greenapple's crimson face to the captain's white one, then, ignoring the new boy, he turned to his chum:

"Hello, what's the bally row?" he demanded.

"Nothing," denied the captain shortly. "There's the door, Greenapple; you'd better get out now; perhaps it's just as well this way."

"I'm going, and look here, Jackson, keep out of my way in the future; I'm through with you, but I'm not through with Henley. I'll stay here — I'll stay here until the year's











up — stay here in spite of every one of you prigs — stay here out of pure, darned cussedness; so there, put that in your pipes and smoke it.”

He was gone, with a terrific bang of the door, and Roger and Dobson stood facing one another.

“The beast!” ejaculated the captain’s chum. “He is a cad. What was that scene about, Yank? I could hear him shouting all the way down the corridor, and to tell you the truth, that’s why I butted in. I was — was afraid, old man, he might damage you; he’s half crazy, I believe.”

“Greenapple came in here to see why Hanks would not fag for him,” explained the captain, “and he can’t understand being sent to Coventry, and I was explaining it to him; he didn’t take to it kindly.”

“Was that all?” demanded Dobson.

“That’s all I care to mention just now, old man; let me off further details now.”



## CHAPTER XX

### GREENAPPLE INTERVIEWS THE DOCTOR

THAT scene in the captain's den could not remain a secret. Passing boys had heard the angry words; in fact, Dobson had pushed his way through quite a little knot of them when he kicked on the door. It was all over the school before nightfall. It nailed more definitely yet the truth of the statement that Greenapple had a hand in the felling of the flagstaff, and Henley was all agog with excitement and rumors.

If Greenapple had confessed to Jackson, or if Jackson had obtained a confession from him, then, of course, there could be only one outcome to the matter. The captain would have to inform the school authorities, and it followed that the new American would be expelled. Henley had it all worked out in its fevered mind, and in the meantime it waited with what patience it could for some word or move from the captain. Undoubtedly he would first call a meeting of the house captains,



and then the thing would be sent up to Doctor Proctor for his action. There could be but one outcome. Greenapple would have to go, and "good riddance," chuckled all Henley.

Meanwhile, after Greenapple's departure, Roger, after some consideration, took Dobson into his confidence. He told him exactly what had occurred; of his suspicions, of what he had seen, and of Greenapple's actions.

"Well, you'll have to get the captains together and tell them," summarized Dobson.

The captain was thoughtful.

"Yes," he admitted presently, "I must place this before the house captains, and I must tell them just what I know. I must do that. I can see no other course."

Matters moved with startling swiftness, however, and before the captains' meeting, Henley received another shock. In less than an hour after the scene in the captain's study, it was common rumor that Greenapple had taken the bull by the horns and cut the knot himself. Ignoring, as he always had done, all Henley precedents, he had gone straight to Doctor Proctor. It was a complete confession, so rumor said, but, as a matter of fact, it was nothing of the kind.

After leaving Roger, Greenapple went to his den, and there brooded over his troubles



for forty-five minutes, then, with a smothered exclamation of wrath, he leaped to his feet, and ploughed his way through a curious, staring group of boys, straight to the Head of Henley. A dozen boys had seen him enter Doctor Proctor's sanctum, and of course the news spread, so that when he came out three-quarters of an hour later, fully a hundred lads were craning their necks from various points of vantage.

"Are you busy?" Greenapple had grunted, as he blundered, without knocking, into Doctor Proctor's study.

"Yes, *sir*, I am busy," the doctor acknowledged, laying special stress on the "*sir*," that the boy had omitted in addressing him, "but, if you wish to ask me anything of importance, I will stop and listen. I am never so busy but that I can listen to anything one of my boys may wish to say to me. What is it, Greenapple?"

"It's about that flagstaff. Those fellows all think I cut it down, and they're cutting me because of that. I don't want their company particularly, but I've just had a talk with Jackson, and from what he said, I think he's coming to you to tell you, so I thought I had better come first and lay my case before you."

"It is usual, Greenapple, for the boys in



this college to say, 'sir,' when addressing me. I wish you to follow this custom, please," observed Doctor Proctor.

"All right, sir," agreed the boy, but sourly enough.

There was a pause.

"I judge you wish to make a statement, then, in which the captain is concerned; shall I send for him?" inquired the doctor.

"I don't mind; just as you like, sir, but I think you'll get it quicker if you let me tell it my own way. There's nothing against Jackson in it, so he won't have to defend himself. Shall I go on now?"

Again there was a pause, while the old doctor considered. Then he said:

"Proceed now, Greenapple."

"Well," the boy went on, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and seating himself unbidden, "on the night the flagstaff went down —"

"The first or second time?" interrupted the doctor.

"Second. On the second time it came down, Jackson saw me returning as he came out, and he thinks from that that I went out and hacked it down, so I judge, from what he said to me. Now, I'd like to tell you the whole thing straight, and then if you want to, you can send for Jackson and see if his story agrees with mine, for



I suppose I must be considered as being under suspicion, as the police say."

"Go on, sir," suggested the doctor.

"Well, it must have been about half-past twelve or a quarter to one when I was just turning in, and I heard a scraping sound — kind of a sawing noise — and I looked out across the square, but it was so dark I couldn't see anything. It stopped awhile, and I took off my clothes, thinking it wasn't worth bothering about, and intending to go to bed, when it started up again. I didn't look out this time, for that had seemed to stop the noise before; instead, I put out the light and waited, listening for three or four minutes."

"That would bring the time very close to one o'clock, sir?" again suggested the doctor.

"About that, I guess. Then I thought I'd take a look out and find just what was going on, so I went down into the lower hall, but the door was locked, and I didn't care about rousing up the old chap there."

"The night porter, sir?"

"Yes, the night porter; so I went back again and took the rope off my Saratoga —"

"Your box; your trunk?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes; and I fastened one end to the hook inside the window of my room, and let the



other fall down. Then I went down hand over hand and reached the ground. The noise still continued, and I crawled around by the fives shed, and made for the center, where the racket seemed to come from."

"You judged that it came from there solely by your ears; the sound appeared to you to come from there, sir?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; and as I got nearer, I heard voices. They — whoever they were — were speaking in whispers, and I couldn't hear what they were saying, but they seemed to become excited, for as I crawled in, I heard one voice say: 'Look hout; it's almost goin',' putting on the H, as they do down here, you know; and then the next thing, almost before I could realize it, there came a tremendous row — a cracking and tearing and snapping, and — well, it was rather scary, I tell you, and — well, I'm sorry I did now, but it was the instinct of self-preservation, I suppose, but it was rather yellow —"

"Rather *what*, sir?" exclaimed the doctor, still insisting on supplying the missing "sirs" himself.

"Rather yellow — that is, it looked as if I was a quitter; but, well, anyway, I bolted, and ran for my room. There was a terrific noise all around, and I grabbed the rope, and swung myself up as fast as I could."



" You returned to your room, sir? "

" Yes, I returned to my room, and just as I was making for it, some chap, who it now appears was this Jackson, came dashing out from the door, and called to me, but I didn't stop. I got back as quickly as I could. I felt him try to grab the rope, but I yanked it out of his grasp and shut the window down."

" Why did you do this? Why did you not stop when he called to you? "

" Well, fact was, sir," admitted Greenapple, using the " sir " for the first time, " I was rather rattled."

" Rattled? Rattled? " repeated the doctor, helplessly. " Pray, what is that condition, Greenapple? "

" Rattled — why, it's confused," explained the narrator, calmly. " Don't you know that word? "

" No, I have not heard it before," admitted Doctor Proctor.

" It's a good word; it expresses just what I mean," Greenapple commented.

He stopped.

" Is that all? " inquired the doctor.

" Yes — No," the boy corrected himself.

" I thought the thing over after I got upstairs, and I saw just how it would look to the



fellows, here, and — well, here again I'm sorry I acted as I did; it was bad judgment, I guess, but I lost my nerve a bit."

"Lost your nerve," pondered Doctor Proctor, thinking that it was an apparent impossibility for the boy before him. "Well, go on, Greenapple."

"Well, I suppose I stayed there twenty minutes or more, and then I heard the fellows coming back from looking around, and I came out and met Jackson face to face; it was almost light, then, and I asked him what the trouble was."

"Why did you ask that when you knew?"

"Why, because I wanted him to think I didn't," rasped Greenapple. "I told you I was rattled. I thought the fools —"

"What fools?"

"I mean the chaps — the boys."

"Then call them by that name, please, sir."

Greenapple glared at the doctor, and then resumed:

"I thought they'd put the job up on me; they're sore on me, anyway —"

"Are sore on you. By that, you mean just what?"

"You don't seem to understand United States," complained Greenapple.



"Please do not comment, but explain, sir."

"I mean they are down on me over that flag business. I see I made a mistake in judgment now. I should not have run in the first place; I should have tried to find out who was there, and have stopped the scraping racket, but when you feel something coming down over your head, and don't know what it is, the first natural impulse is to bolt, and that's what I did. I'm sorry now, for it looks yellow. That's all there is."

"Then, sir, you have no knowledge as to who cut the pole down?" inquired the doctor, looking the boy straight in the eyes. Henley's chief was a good judge of boys.

"No," said Greenapple, "I haven't; not the slightest. I wish I had; I'd go for him. I've told you all I know — everything. Do you believe me?"

He shot the last question straight out, as a challenge, and in his turn, looked Doctor Proctor straight in the eyes.

For a moment or so the principal and scholar stood facing one another. Then Doctor Proctor said quietly:

"Greenapple, I believe you. When you go, send the captain to me."

The boy was on the point of telling Henley's chief to send for the captain himself, but some-



how that friendly, trustful look of confidence Doctor Proctor gave him, altered his determination.

"Very well, sir," he acquiesced, and left the room.



## CHAPTER XXI

### THE CAPTAIN'S TURN

A LITTLE later the captain stood in the doctor's presence, and stated what he knew. His story coincided exactly with the one Greenapple had related.

"I am rather surprised, Jackson, that you did not come to me, or to Mr. Murray, and state this in the first place," remarked Doctor Proctor.

"I wished first to satisfy myself on everything, sir. I will be quite frank, and say that Greenapple had my sympathies; I hoped he had nothing to do with this affair, and it was not until he refused to answer my questions, that I determined to tell the captains, and then come to you. I wanted to believe in Greenapple."

"I do believe in him," Doctor Proctor affirmed.

"Yes, sir?" half questioned Roger, his features breaking into a smile. "He has satisfied you, then; you think he had nothing to do with this chopping down of the pole?"

"I am convinced of it, Jackson. Moreover,



so are the local police, who, as you know, have been called in."

"I am glad," Roger said. But why, sir, did he act as he did? Why did he try to deceive me over it?"

Then the doctor went over Greenapple's story and gave his defense. "And, really, Jackson, really now, it has a most plausible ring to me. I am convinced in my own mind, perfectly convinced, that the boy is entirely innocent. My opinion, and that of the police, is that the miscreant, whoever he may be, came from outside Henley, and you may be sure I am very much relieved, and only too glad to accept that belief."

"Have the police any clue to this man --- this some one outside, sir?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I am afraid we have nothing very definite yet, Jackson."

"The fellows are wild to hear; there's a perfect mob of them hanging about now, sir; they think Greenapple has confessed," the captain informed his chief.

"They will be surprised and gratified to hear, then, that I harbor no suspicion against the boy. By the way, Jackson, Greenapple is far from popular, of course?"

"No, sir, he is not popular."



“That unfortunate flag-raising affair, of course, made him disliked by the lads?”

“Yes, sir, that capped it all, but he was not a favorite before that. His ways are different to Henley’s, you know, sir, and although I think at heart he is very decent, — that is, he’s all right, you know, sir — still it will be a long time, I’m afraid, before he will get on with our fellows.”

“I am sorry to hear you say that, Jackson. I hope, I wish, in fact, I would like you to exert all your influence to make his path easier for him. The lad is brilliant — very brilliant; he has — er — the making of a magnificent scholar in him; one of whom Henley may be proud. I would like, yes, I would prefer that he stay here. It would be to the credit of the college, I’m sure, to place such a boy as Greenapple at the universities, and I have great hopes that before his year at Henley has expired he may have — er — er — toned down, so to speak — you understand my meaning — my exact meaning, Jackson?”

“Yes, sir, I think I do. You mean his bad temper and all that.”

“To a great extent I do, and also other — other faults — other failings. It would perhaps be more charitable to call them misfortunes.”



"Yes, sir," the captain agreed, nodding, "I think I understand. Of course, he is most beastly well off — that is, he has lots of cash and quite different ways to ours."

"Quite so, quite so; well, Jackson, help him along as best you can. I am convinced that eventually he will be a credit to the old school. He is most brilliant, most brilliant. He has astonished me on more than one occasion."

"It's going to be a job, sir, to make the fellows believe he hasn't done this cutting down of the pole."

"Well, well, everything will work out for the best, I am sure. Do your best, Jackson; do your best. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Oh, one moment, Jackson."

"Yes, sir? "

"Greenapple, you know, goes to Oxford next week with the examination contingent, and — er — of course, Jackson, a boy, in order to be at his best, must be free from all harassing doubts or disturbing thoughts. This applies to you all. I wish you to forget as far as you possibly can, this unfortunate affair, and try — er — try — er — endeavor to erase the matter from the mind of your compatriot. Will you? "



"I will, sir. Is that all?"

"That is all, Jackson. Good evening."

"Good evening, sir."

It took the school a long time to grasp the fact that their principal had held Greenapple innocent. The house captains were incredulous, when Roger explained this to them.

"It looks fishy; altogether too fishy. I should say he'd done it," commented Guiting.

"No," the captain contradicted. "I thought so myself at first, Guiting, and I was worried about it, but now, come to think about it, his explanation is quite believable, eh, Dob?"

Dobson nodded mutely, and his features puckered up into a frown. He was wishing Greenapple was at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

"Well, then, it comes to this. That we're no nearer finding out about it than before. I thought we had put it on this Crabapple fellow," summarized Wallace.

"That's about what it comes to," the captain admitted, "and I'm glad, Wallace, very glad; I hated to believe Greenapple had done it, and I'm jolly glad it now looks as if he hadn't."

"Well, who did do it, then?" demanded Powell. "Some one did it. Who? Who had an incentive to do it? I thought this Crab had



done it because he was so sore, but if he didn't, who, in thunder, did? "

" That's what we must try to find out, but I'm feeling fine that Greenapple didn't. Come on, Dob, and let's get back to that everlasting grind."

The meeting of the captains broke up, and the news spread over the school like wildfire. They had not held Greenapple.

" Well, how about this Coventry business? " demanded Dobson, as he and the captain seated themselves in the latter's den.

" The chaps will have to let up on it."

" But they won't."

" Well, I shall treat him the same as ever. It's only right, Dob. Old Proct. told me he wanted the chaps to make it livable for Greenapple. He wants him to stay here; he says he's too brilliant a chap for Henley to let slide. He wants him to show up for the old school, so you and I must try, eh? "

" Humph," growled Dobson. " I suppose so, but I do so detest the fellow. I wish he'd go, confound him."



## CHAPTER XXII

### OXFORD

NEXT Monday morning the Henley squad was sent off to Oxford with musical honors. The school, *en masse*, escorted the thirty boys to the Hamenchelt station. There would have been thirty-one, but Greenapple preferred to motor it, and left *The Bull* an hour earlier. If Henley wanted little to do with Greenapple, Greenapple was not less ready to forget Henley.

"No, thanks, I'm in good company when I'm with myself," he repeated, with a growl, when the captain, after patching up the peace between them, had suggested that he come with the rest of the squad.

"Look," pointed out Dobson, as they were taking their places in their reserved compartment, "look, there's that scamp, Dutton; he's always hanging around where any Henley fellows are."

"I guess his billiard 'parlor' wouldn't get along very flourishingly without some of the Henley set; I've dragged two fellows out in



the last week, and the spotters sent in a report of seven more caught there at different times. They were all first offenders, so I didn't send them up to Murray, but just crimped them and gave lines. He's a curse to Henley, is that chap. You remember when Max got into his clutches, and then those two young fools, Berry and Tucker — how he pulled their legs."

"Say, wouldn't Crabapple be a find for him; Dutton hasn't much use for a chap unless he has plenty of money to lose, anyway."

"I think Greenapple's too wide awake to be drawn into his net," said Roger. "Say, look at the fellow now, trying to shake hands with Bradbury, the cad; like his nerve. Good, Brad cut him dead."

"The beast looks more beery and leery than ever," Dobson growled.

"He's not content with beer and leers; he pickles his insides with spirits and then resorts to tricks to get the cash out of our fellows."

The object of the boy's disgust was a fellow named Dutton, a big, blotchy-faced man, the proprietor of one of the Hamenchelt shady resorts, a place where beer, billiards and skittles reigned supreme, and to which some of the boys with less character than they should have, were sometimes drawn. His resort was "out of bounds," but despite this, Henley boys



were sometimes discovered there by the prefects — spotters, as the boys called them — and then sure punishment followed.

“ Oh, forget Dutton; forget everything but this exam,” counseled Dobson, as the train drew out.

“ Say, funny idea this, running the corridor down the side of the coach, instead of the center,” commented Roger, as he took in his surroundings.

“ Rather like it,” Dobson commended. “ It has the advantages of your carriages in the States, and yet keeps the privacy of our old single compartments.”

It took only an hour to run to Oxford, and there the Henley boys “ put up ” at *The Club Hotel*, a quiet, semi-private hostelry; for as the Oxford Senior extended over the best part of three days, it was necessary they should have headquarters where they could be quiet and able to study during the test. They were in charge of no one but themselves, for Henley was a school where a lot was left to a boy's honor.

“ We can afford to almost break ourselves over this test, Yank,” Dobson said, “ for there'll be no more work to speak of after this, thank goodness.”

Old Oxford was alive with the colors of a



score of British public schools, and hundreds of privately coached contestants crowded the streets on their way to or from the rooms. This was not the first visit of either Roger or Dobson to the great university city; they had been there a year before, when they passed the younger brother of the present test — the Oxford Junior.

On the second day of the examination the boys had a chance to witness one of the famous "bumpings." They had just emerged from the rooms of Christ Church College, busily comparing notes as to how they had fared, when a motley mob swept past them, riverward, the river instinct was too strong in the two Henley boys to permit them to pass by the great event.

"Believe it would be a bully good thing for us to trot along with the crowd," opined Dobson, glancing at his chum.

"Wonder if we can spare the time?" mused the captain.

"Sure," assured Dobson, "come along, old man. It will do us good; clear our brains out for to-morrow."

Ten minutes later, the boys, in company with a dozen other Henley enthusiasts, were waiting in short trunks, in company with a mob of university undergraduates and seniors, on the



tow-path, as the seventeen boats, stretched out in endless procession one behind the other, hove in sight. A moment later they had started on the accompanying run.

This "bumping" is one of the hoary traditions of the great universities. It determines which college shall be "head of the river" for the year.

"Here comes Balliol!" yelled Dobson, as the blue and white flag of the college showed to the fore around the bend.

"Balliol! Balliol!" the shouts went up all around them. "Oh, a bump! Well bumped, sir! Well bumped!" and the leading shell swung wide, and obediently made for the bank, the blood-red ensign of Oriel following the vanquished, leaving the Christ Church shell in the lead.

The Henley boys raced off with the rest of the half-crazed runners, and tore along the path, in a mad, yelling, jumbling crowd, while another yell of: "Exeter! Exeter! Bumped, sir, well bumped!" announced that Christ Church had in turn been bumped by Exeter, and bankward headed the captured crew, followed by their captors, while Pembroke, hotly pursued by Merton, assumed the lead.

It is a unique, a hair-raising event, this bumping. The shells of the different colleges



which compose the university are started in the order they finished the last year's rowing season, the fastest crews of the previous year being at the fore, the laggards forming the tail.

The game is this. You must "bump" the rudder of the shell in front of you. If you succeed in this, you pull for the bank in company with your captured crew, while the shell in your rear assumes the lead. In next day's races the positions are reversed — you have gained one boat in the long struggle. The shell that finally finishes to the front after the bumping days is head of the river. From these crews come the eight that represent the university on the Thames against the old rival, Cambridge, next spring.

Words cannot describe the tremendous excitement of this bumping. It is fierce enough when two or three crews are engaged in a race, but when the uncertainty is extended to a score of racing shells all desperately engaged in a mighty effort to ram the rudder of the boat in front of them, the nerve-racking tension must be imagined, rather than described.

It was the first bumping Roger had ever witnessed, and it called loudly to his river enthusiasm. At the finish he found himself as madly excited as any of the hundreds of



frenzied undergraduates. Then he stopped, and gazed foolishly at the breathless, panting Dobson, as his chum raced up to him.

"Which won, Dob?" he demanded, suddenly realizing that he did not know the colors of the various colleges.

"Three bumps," panted Dobson, almost speechless. "Wasn't that — that — a rattling fine — pull?" he gasped. "I got caught in — in the jam — and couldn't get through. You sailed away from me."

"I wanted to see the finish. That next shell nearly had 'em at the line by the barges; only three yards behind. Another hundred yards and they'd have thumped them."

"Bumped them," corrected Dobson.

"Rattling! Fine!" Roger went on. "Number three shirked his work in the second shell, or they'd have got 'em. By jinks, old man, I wish our school shell had been there; I believe we'd have taken a hand in that dumping —"

"Bumping," Dobson again corrected.

"Yes, bumping; that's what I said."

"No, you didn't. You called it first thumping and then dumping."

"Oh, you're dreaming, Dob; the race has you rattled. We had better be getting back and doing some grinding. There's to-morrow, you know."



"Sufficient unto the day, etc.," quoted Dobson.

"Quite sufficient to-day, eh, old man?"

"Bet your life. I went up in the air several times. How about you, Yank?"

"Stumped four times, and hard pressed for time all the time."

"That was my great trouble," complained Dobson, "the time limit was altogether too short. I was crowded awfully; could have done a lot better if I hadn't been pushed so. Look, there goes that Greenapple; wonder how he got along."

Greenapple, by himself, as usual, came sailing along the High Street, in which thoroughfare the boys now were. He was looking neither to right nor left, but headed straight for his hotel. He passed the Henleyites with a curt nod, and disappeared in the lobby.

"He certainly is a rummy beggar," commented Dobson, "but I'll bet he gets through with flying colors."

"Oh, he's smart as they make 'em. Murray did his best to stump him last day at Henley. Tried all kinds of unusual questions. What were the characteristics and what was the personal appearance of Darius? Ever hear such a stickler? But, bless you, it was no good. Greenapple played all balls alike; seemed



just like eating to him. I tell you, Murray was tickled. He has great expectations of Greenapple — first in all England, or something of that kind. He'll pass in the honor list, anyway."

"Personal appearance of Darius," growled Dobson. "Whoever heard of that sort of a question. How does any one know?"

"Well, Greenapple did, anyway. I believe Murray only asked it just to see him beaten once, but not Greenapple. 'Five feet, nine inches, black-bearded and swarthy; lithe but strongly built; small hands and feet,' he rasped in that cutting tone of his. 'Who is your authority?' asked Mr. Murray. 'Abbott,' said Green, and then with just the nearest kind of a thing to a grin, 'and Gustave Doré.' 'Hum,' commented Mr. Murray, and then he tried him on some minor things like 'How many confederates supported Darius in his advocacy of the monarchy?' But old Greenapple was right there with the goods. 'Seven, if you count the horse and himself,' he told Murray, and Murray gave a laugh, and said: 'Oh, I suppose we must include the horse, Greenapple, since he would not have obtained his kingdom without him,' and then he dropped Green, and went on to the next chap, and Green took out his penknife and began to whittle, till Murray turned and asked him if he was not



mistaking the classroom for a carpenter's shop. Oh, I tell you, Dob, Apple's about as smart as they make 'em. You can't stump him."

"Fact, I know," admitted Dobson, "but I'm glad there aren't many of his kind about; too sour a variety."



## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE OXFORD RESULTS, AND A STRANGE DEVELOPMENT

THERE was a cessation of work for the senior classes after their return from Oxford, but the juniors were still hard at it, in preparation for the term-end tests. After these came the Easter holiday of three weeks, toward which all eyes were now longingly directed. Easter had come unusually late this year, and the wait had appeared interminable.

Roger, following a precedent established at the time of his first vacation at Henley, would go to Hatherly Court, Dobson's home in North Wales, and under that hospitable roof a good time was always to be counted on, while outdoors, on every side of them, stretched the magnificent, wild, Welsh scenery, with its mountains and rushing streams. This Easter holiday they were looking forward to the event with more than ordinary interest, for old Captain Dobbs, their seaman friend, was sailing aboard his brig, *Kate II*, from Gloucester to Birkenhead, which was only about fifty miles from Dobson's home, so the captain had



suggested that the boys take passage with him, instead of going by rail. Nothing could have pleased Roger and his chum better, and Sir Henry Dobson readily fell in with the arrangement.

“ I sails ’leven ’clock forenoon Saturday, an’ with a fair wind, I’ll be off Nash’s Point by midnight,” announced the old tar. “ You’d best come o’er from school as soon a’ter breakfast as yer can. ’Twill take ye half an hour ter make Gloucester, and the *Kate’ll* be lying in berth F, number 2 dock. I’m a-loadin’ with Cotswold sheep an’ a-comin’ back with Carnarvon slate. ’Tis the first time fur two years as I’ve quit the Bristol Channel route, but better rates is offered me fur the St. George’s passage, so I be a-experimenting.”

“ Are they live sheep you are taking, captain? ” inquired Dobson.

“ Aye, young master, ‘ on the trotter ’ — that’s wot the invoice says, an’ I’ve had special contrivances fixed up fur ’em, so if we runs inter a blow they won’t hurt nothin’.”

“ All right, captain; we’ll be over in time, and it’s jolly nice of you to invite us.”

“ ’Tis me as is pleased ter have yer; I’ve a nice, handy-like little cabin, with three berths in’t, so ye can bring ’nother o’ yer mates ’long with yer, if ye wants ter.”



"No, there's only Yank and me, and we'll be on time. Good day, captain."

Three days before the break-up, the result of the Oxford examination was received, and the school got a shock. Old Doctor Proctor, for once, had his conservatism shaken out of him, and instead of making the bare announcement, and referring the boys to the bulletin, he said:

"Gentlemen, Henley has achieved an unusual honor in the results of the examination at Oxford. Not only have twenty-three out of the thirty-one entered, passed, but Henley shares with Charterhouse College the position of premier honors. A Henley boy has tied with one from our sister college for first honors in all England."

The doctor paused, but only for a second. The announcement at first almost stunned the school, but quickly recovering itself, Henley went wild. As soon as order was restored, the query ran like wildfire: "Who?" Taking it for granted it was Dauncy or their captain, the junior school commenced to cheer for them. "Dauncy! Jackson! Dauncy!" a scattering cry ran, but the doctor shook his head.

"Augustus Dauncy and your captain have both done remarkably well; very well, indeed," he said; "they have finished tenth and eleventh



respectively on the all-England list, and second and third on the school awards, but the honor — the most distinguished honor — of sharing the premier position with the Charterhouse boy has fallen to Solomon Greenapple, the captain's countryman."

A deathly silence fell, as the doctor pronounced the name. Then a few feeble cheers burst out. The announcement was rather a disappointment to the school, after the first statement; Greenapple was a person *non gratus* at Henley. The doctor had not looked for any great outburst of enthusiasm; he knew well the condition of affairs, but he was very much pleased that a Henley boy should have made such an exceptional record.

"On the bulletin board in the hall you will find the full list of those passing and the marks awarded them," he promised cheerfully. "You are dismissed, young gentlemen."

The boys soon swarmed around the announcement, those within reading distance shouting back the results.

"Crabapple first — 98.78!" the shout was carried from lad to lad, but there was little or no cheering. "Dauncy next, 92.56 — good old Daunce! The skipper next; 'rah for Jackson! 92.15. Old Cossock seventh — steady old plugger! Bradbury fifteenth! Dobson ninth.



Wallace ties him. Guiting lost out! Guiting beaten; missed it by seven — too bad!"

So the results were shouted about, and all Henley was agog with excitement.

As Roger turned about, he discovered himself standing face to face with Greenapple, who had pushed his way forward to make out the figures.

"Well done, Greenapple, shake; I congratulate you," the captain greeted frankly.

"Thanks," muttered the successful boy, in his ungracious manner; "rather fancy the chaps don't like my showing, though."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Roger. "You mustn't expect Henley to go wild over everything. It really was a great showing, Green, and it's the first time the college ever got a first man in. You're a wonder, all right."

"Nonsense," retorted the other. "The questions were dead easy. You did well, too, Jackson."

"Fair. I'm not a genius. Wish I was."

The two parted, Roger making his way towards his den. He stopped at the mail rack, and to his delight discovered an Indian letter from his father. Tucking it in his pocket, he hurried on, intending to enjoy its reading alone, but Dobson's lusty hail stopped him.

"Hold hard, Yank, you beggar," he shouted, coming up with the captain, and nearly knock-



ing him off his feet with a resounding whack on the back. "Go on in," he insisted, as Roger halted at the doorway. "That's it; close the shutter," and a tricky back-kick sent the door to with a slam. "Say, wasn't that a surprise package about Greenapple's showing?" he continued.

"Did better than I ever imagined any Henley fellow could," admitted Roger.

"Well, I should say so, and you, too, Yank, and Dauncy. Surprised even at myself. What have you got there, a letter from your governor? I've one from mine, too. Go ahead; we'll read them and talk afterwards."

There came a brief silence while the two boys perused their letters, then Roger suddenly ejaculated, "Great Scott!" and a moment later Dobson groaned, "Well, I'll be hanged!" Each glanced at the other simultaneously, and then with one breath they demanded, "What's up?"

"Why," Dobson gasped, "there's my governor writing that I am to invite Greenapple home for the Easter holidays. He says your governor has written him — written my governor, you know — and he thinks it will please your governor — my governor thinks it will please your governor if I invite him, and —"

"Well," interrupted Roger, unable to re-



strain himself any longer, "that's what my father says — at least something like it. He knows Greenapple's governor — he's a partner in father's firm, and he says he has written to your father and — but go on, Dob — what does your father say? Read it, and then I'll read you mine."

Dobson smoothed out the sheets he had crumpled up in his excitement, and omitting the introductory part of the epistle, read at a furious pace:

"Mr. Jackson has written me from Calcutta regarding a schoolmate of yours, Solomon Greenapple — odd name, isn't it, Tommy? It appears this lad is the son of one of Mr. Jackson's partners, and that he has few friends in England. I think it would be a nice compliment both to Mr. Jackson and Roger if you invited their countryman to spend the Easter holidays at Hatherly Court with you — "

"Oh, beautiful one," sarcastically commented Roger.

Dobson gave a snort of indignation, and continued reading: "But as Mr. Jackson writes that this boy is of rather a sensitive and retiring nature" (Roger gave vent to a prolonged "Phew!") "I thought perhaps he would feel easier and more inclined to accept



if I sent an invitation to back up yours, so to speak, Tommy, and I have enclosed it with this. You know I always get along well with our kinsmen from the States, and as I say, I think it will be a nice compliment to Mr. Jackson, for whom I entertain the kindest feelings of friendship, and — ”

“ Confound it, that’s all my father’s fault,” burst out Roger, with considerable warmth. “ He has evidently half suggested the idea to your Dad; he as good as says so in my letter,” and Roger flourished his epistle. “ Oh, Dob, what have we done that we should have this chap shoved on us? ” he appealed to his chum.

“ Search me,” growled Dobson, stalking moodily about the room, hands deep in pockets. “ Here’s the invitation, though,” and he flung an unsealed envelope upon the table. It was addressed, “ Solomon Greenapple, Esq.,” and in the lower, left-hand corner, “ Through Thomas Dobson.”

“ Well, of course, we can’t back out; you’ve got to invite him now, but perhaps he won’t accept,” suggested Roger hopefully.

“ Maybe he won’t; I shouldn’t think he would,” Dobson agreed cheerfully.

A long pause ensued, both boys moodily considering, and at that psychological moment Fate stepped in and took charge of matters.



"Hello, Jackson, you there?" grated a well-known voice, and without waiting for an invitation, Greenapple kicked open the door and entered. The boys wheeled about and stared at him. "What's the trouble?" he growled. "You both look as if you were hatching up a conspiracy." Then, without waiting for a reply, he went on: "Jackson, I've just been to Murray and asked him for my exam markings in detail, and he said it was the captain's duty to furnish me with them. Have you got them? If so, I'll take them with me."

"No," said Roger, finding his voice, "I haven't got them yet. I'll send them to you sometime to-day — as soon as I receive them."

"All right; wish you'd hurry; want to see what I got in Euclid," snapped Greenapple, and started to go.

Dobson glanced at his chum, and then muttered:

"Wait — wait a minute, Greenapple, here's a letter for you."

"For me!" cried the boy. "How did you get it?"

"It was enclosed in this," explained the boy, and exhibited the one from his father.

"Eh?" questioned Greenapple, knitting his brows in perplexity.



“ A letter from my father and he sent this one for you; and say, Greenapple, will you spend the Easter vacation with me? ” Dobson blundered on, recklessly.

Greenapple's scowl deepened. He shot an inquiring glance at Dobson, then picked up the letter. He read it carefully through, Dobson humming uneasily, and Roger biting his lips. At the end of the perusal he looked up. There was a queer twinkle in his steely-gray eyes.

“ From your father — he sent this? ” he inquired.

Dobson nodded.

“ And you know what's in it? ”

“ Pretty well; he wrote me that he'd written you, and I've just asked you to come, haven't I? ”

A strained silence reigned for a few moments, then Greenapple again fixed his gaze intently on Dobson.

“ And you,” he demanded, “ you want me to come? ”

It was a home thrust, and poor Dobson wriggled and squirmed under it. The boy was nothing if he was not honest — honest to an almost unpleasant degree. There was not a grain of tact or diplomacy in his whole make-up. He remained silent.



"And you," persisted Greenapple, "you want me to come?"

"No," blurted out Dobson desperately, driven to his last ditch, "No, I didn't say that, did I, Greenapple? But I've invited you, and you have the governor's invitation. It rests with you."

A grim smile played around the corners of Greenapple's mouth.

"All right," he said briskly, "I'll come, since you and your father have invited me. If you'd said you wanted me to, I wouldn't. That's what you get by speaking the truth, Dobson. Let me know when you start, and I'll be with you."

He laughed grimly. The door slammed, and he was gone, leaving Dobson and his chum staring blankly at one another.

"Does he mean it?" demanded Dobson, as soon as the sound of the departing steps had died away.

"He does," replied Roger, with emphasis, "or I'm very much mistaken. He's just that kind of a pig-headed idiot."

Greenapple did mean it. The two boys were made definitely aware of that when, two hours later, Roger having sent the full returns of the examinations to him by his fag, the latter returned with a scrawled note. "Thanks," it



read, "Tell me what time Saturday you intend to start, and I will make arrangements to be with you. Do you travel light or heavy? Cars or motor?"

Realizing that his countryman was serious, Roger paid him a visit, and explained that the journey would be taken in Captain Dobbs' brig, at which information Greenapple looked pleased.

"That's good," was his comment. "Nothing beats a sea trip, to my mind."

So the result of this strange development was that the three boys found themselves taking the local for Gloucester next Saturday morning. Dobson strove valiantly to do his duty as host, and the captain nobly seconded his efforts, but Greenapple remained untalkative, and conversation flagged.

As they stepped across the gangway of Captain Dobbs' brig, the old salt came rolling forward to meet them.

"Well, captain, we've taken you at your word and brought another fellow," cried Roger. "Solomon Greenapple, Captain Dobbs."

The captain tucked away his tobacco comfortably in his left cheek.

"Eh?" he questioned.

"Solomon Greenapple," repeated Roger.

"I'm mighty glad ter meet yer, Mister



Greenapple; mighty glad," welcomed the *Kate's* skipper, extending one huge red paw. "You be all three o' ye welcome aboard the *Kate*. Dick, show the gents below ter their berths."



## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE SAILING OF THE *KATE*

OLD Gloucester, England, like its namesake here, has seen better days. Time was when Gloucester ranked high as a seaport of England; then the city fell on evil days, and only in the last fifty years has it again shown promise of regaining its former glory. Beneath the benign sun of the United States trade the Bristol Channel ports are again coming to the front, and old Gloucester is sharing with them the general prosperity.

Its docks were well furnished with shipping, and quite a forest of masts met the gaze of the boys, as they followed their guide, the cabin boy, Dick, down the narrow, steep companionway of the *Kate*.

Below deck the gloom was relieved by the gleam of a lantern, that showed the spotless planking and newly painted woodwork.

"Th' skipper's given ye his hown cabin," the grinning Dick informed the boys, as he conducted them along the narrow passageway, and flinging open a door, disclosed a very



small room, in which, compactly arranged, were two bunks, one over the other, and opposite them a faded plush couch. "An' ye'll mess with he, too," the boy volunteered. "Fresh grub all th' time."

"We'll toss for berths," suggested Dobson; "what say, Yank and Green?"

"All right; odd man takes the top one."

Greenapple was "odd man," and was relegated to the "upper shelf," as Dobson called it. Roger took the one beneath him, and Dobson occupied the faded plush couch, upon which Dick had made up his bed.

It did not take the boys long to settle down. They had only brought a Gladstone each, the rest of their luggage going on to Hatherly Court by rail. In another five minutes they were on deck again, interested spectators of the warping out of the *Kate*.

The Severn at Gloucester is sluggish and muddy. A fussy little tug was straining valiantly to pull out the brig. Captain Dobbs was at the wheel, and as the boys came on deck he beckoned for them to come over to him.

"Sit ye down, sit ye down," he ordered, "I'll be talkin' with ye soon, but I wants ter get th' *Kate* well out in th' river first. Easy, there, slack her, slack her! I'll have ter be towed down as fur as Berkley, I'm thinkin';



the wind's contrary, but once I gets her out in Channel I'll show you gents wot reachin' and beatin' the brig can do; never seen nothin' ter beat her yet. Luff up, there, luff up!" The interruptions were caused by the worthy captain suddenly shouting some order to his crew or to the puffing tug ahead. "Never catch me so fur up river as this ag'in," he swore. "Avonmouth is fur 'nuf fur me; Gloucester ain't got no right ter be a port — that's my 'pinion."

"What a racket the sheep are making below, captain," Roger said.

"Aye, poor dumb beasts! I'm thinkin' they'll be sufferin' considerable when we get out in the chops — by th' way, wot kind o' sailormen be yer all? I reckons as we may run inter a fresh breeze off Nash's Point 'bout midnight, an' there's always likely ter be a sea on in Cardigan Bay, but 'tis a mighty pretty sweep o' water, an' ye'll say so when ye sees it, I'll warrant."

The visitors went forward to examine the line fastenings. The cable was secured to a big drum, as under bare poles the *Kate* was being towed down Severn Channelward.

As eight bells rang out Captain Dobbs relinquished his hold on the wheel to his second officer, Mr. Davis.



"Feedin' time," he announced, with a loud smack of his lips. "Come 'long, boys."

As the captain and his visitors neared the neat little cuddy, an appetizing odor of fried sole came to them, and Dick, as chief *maître d'hôtel*, greeted them at the doorway. The table, securely bolted to the floor, was covered by a spotless white oilcloth, on which reposed the steaming dishes. The captain clasped his knotted hands a moment in silent grace, and then announced tersely:

"Knife and fork drill, boys."

With sharpened appetites, all fell to.

"Have the racks on, Dick, afore we gets ter Nash's Point," directed the skipper of the *Kate*. "I smells a blow there this eve, an' I've no fancy fur soup in me lap; prefers it on me plate."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the cabin boy.

"You think it's going to blow this evening, captain?" inquired Roger.

"Oh, nothin' ter speak on perhaps, but 'tis always choppy a bit round th' point, and I likes th' crockey lashed; never likes ter see nothin' adrift."

"Ma — ma — ma — ma," came the bleats from forward.

The captain chuckled.

"First live stock I ever carried 'board o'



the *Kate*," he informed his guests. "Can't say as I likes 'em, either; they be so noisy. You be a sailorman, bain't ye?" he suddenly demanded, addressing Greenapple.

"Scarcely that, I guess, but I've sailed in Pop's schooners sometimes —"

" 'Pop's schooners,' " repeated the captain. "Oh, thy father's, maybe?"

"Yes, father's schooners. He has a fleet of them. They bring ice down from Maine every year — fast boats, too, some of them."

"Yes, I've been aboard on 'em. There was a Yankee schooner up here to Sharpness a month ago — a seven-master — all tackle hoisted by machinery; they brought her over with a crew o' fifteen hands. Mighty cheap sailin' crafts, but I can't say as I likes their rig; don't seem ter me as they'd be handy-like in weather. Be they snug and dry, mister?"

"Yes," Greenapple mumbled, "I never heard anything against them."

"There was one on 'em — a great three thousand tonner, as came ashore off the Lizard last year; the crew from Penzance went out an' took off her hands. The schooner slid down ten minutes later inter deep water; 'twas a close shave fur the crew, mighty close."

"Ma — ma — ma — ma," came in plaintive bleats from forward.



"Blast them trotters," grumbled Captain Dobbs, "they gives me the fidgets."

Just before dusk the tug cast off, and the *Kate* stood out across the bay on the starboard tack under her own canvas. The heaving waters were reflecting the last rays of the setting sun.

"'Tis a beat all down Channel," complained the skipper, "but once in Cardigan Bay I'll warrant I'll do some long reachin'. This 'ere brig's a beauty at that; I jus' wants you young gents ter see her."

The boys remained up until nearly midnight, watching, by the silver light of the moon, the shore on either side; now receding, now breaking into view again, as the *Kate* went about in stays, first to starboard, then to port.

Amid the strange surroundings, Roger slept but lightly, but Dobson, true to his Saxon breed, scarcely lost a wink; it took a lot to disturb either his appetite or his slumbers. Greenapple, too, appeared quite at home.

When the three boys came on deck early next morning, their gaze fell upon the broad Bristol Channel, all dancing and shimmering with white-horses. Here and there a white sail flashed back the brilliant spring sunshine, and far off ahead of them a long trail of black smoke was broken up by the breeze, and carried back to them in smudges. The Welsh



coast lay a mile to starboard, and Worm's Head was just looming into view. The *Kate*, close-hauled on the starboard tack, was bowling along under nearly all her canvas, her skipper at the wheel. Ten minutes later she had rounded the point and squared away on the long reach across Caermarthen Bay.

"Goin' some," chuckled Captain Dobbs. "How feelin', Master Dobson? You're lookin' squeamish; you ain't a-goin' ter give 'way yer breakfast, be yer?"

"I haven't had any," confessed Dobson, looking a sickly green.

"Aye, well, you'll soon be takin' yer victuals 'gain. You ain't a-goin' th' same way, be yer, Master Jackson?"

"I'm afraid I am," admitted Roger, making a sudden dash for the rail.

His chum followed him a moment later, but Greenapple, apparently, had brought his sea legs along with him, and stood complacently watching Captain Dobbs at the wheel.



## CHAPTER XXV

### FOUL WEATHER

THE boys soon recovered from their seasickness, and before evening all three were in fairly good spirits. If anything will patch up a feud, a sea trip will, and both Roger and Dobson were doing their best, Greenapple responding with some show of good-fellowship. The weather continued fine, although the mercury was still sinking steadily, and Captain Dobbs opined that they would meet a blow "afore long." Milford Haven was passed at dusk, and in a freshening head wind, the *Kate* stood past the Scoomer Islands, and began the beat through the St. George's Channel. Rain commenced to come down, and finding the deck unpleasant, the boys betook themselves below, where they whiled away the evening reading. Dobson and Roger endeavored to play a game of chess, but the pitching of the small brig sent kings, knights and bishops spinning, and soon stopped the game.

"Dirty weather," growled Captain Dobbs, as he staggered past them an hour later, on



his way up on deck. He was encased in oil-skins. "You boys had better turn in," he suggested.

"We're going to," Roger promised, "we can't sit in the chairs now."

"Believe we'll have to strap ourselves in the bunks," Dobson called after the old man. "Greenapple will, I'm sure; he's top man."

"Just listen to them sheep," the captain roared back, pausing. "The poor dumb beasts is nearly crazy with fright."

A fearful hubbub was coming from the fore-castle. The brig was creaking and groaning as if in pain, and from the deck above came the sound of hurrying feet and shouted orders. "We're gettin' snug fur th' night," the captain explained, still lingering before he went on deck. "Keep the coffee hot, Dick; the boys'll want it soon. Good night, young gents, good night; never you mind 'bout wot's outside; you'll be nice an' snug down here; the *Kate's* a fine, dry craft; 'tis little water as gets below."

It was difficult to compose oneself for sleep amid that confusion of sounds.

"Are you awake, Dob?" cried Roger, after an hour's vain effort.

"Rather," shouted Dobson. "How can a fellow go to sleep with this racket going on?"



"Well, Apple's done it, anyway; just listen to his snoring! I can hear it above the wind and the roar."

The boy in the top berth was trumpeting loudly, utterly oblivious to the storm that roared without.

"Phew, that was a deep one!" cried Dobson, as the *Kate* slid down into a hollow of water, and then climbed up out of it again. "Sometimes it seems as if she'd never come up again; there's an awful lot of difference between a little brig like this one and those big liners we went over and came back in, eh?"

"Rather — why, what in thunder was that?"

An awful sound burst upon the ears of the startled boys; a rending and tearing, a splitting and crashing, a roaring and shrieking, as if the lid had suddenly been lifted from the bottommost pit, and all creation was shrieking in direst agony.

"Quick! Quick, Dob!" yelled Roger. "Come on!"

He leaped from his bed, and with a single bound was upon the floor, but quick as he was, some one else was as rapid, for as he sprang out and dragged on his trousers, the red-headed American, from the berth above, landed with a bound beside him, and clad only in his pajamas, dashed from the cabin.



Roger was staggering along the narrow passageway a moment or so after him, with Dobson close at his heels. The brig was pitching in alarming fashion, and every atom and particle groaning, as if in protest of the treatment it was receiving. The shriek of the wind, and the thunderous roar of the waves told only too plainly that a fearful gale was blowing, and above it all arose a weird, uncanny noise — a noise that rose and fell, and died away, only to break out with yet more terrifying violence. It appeared to come from nowhere in particular, and from everywhere in general. One moment Roger was flung violently against the wall planking, with a force that threatened to stave it in, and the next he was staggering backward, clutching here, there, everywhere for some support. As he grasped the rail of the companionway and endeavored to climb up deckward, the little brig appeared to have suddenly decided to settle and go down by the stern, and Roger, losing his hold, was sent flying up against the little doorway, that crashed in as he came in contact with it, and the next moment he was scrambling, knee deep, in a swirling sea of salt water.

“Look out, you idiot; let me up!” roared Dobson, into whom Roger had been precipitated.



"What — what is it? What has happened?" gasped Roger, picking himself up and endeavoring to make out his surroundings.

"It's the storm and we're sinking — we're going down," spluttered Dobson, his mouth full of salt water.

"Where are you two fools," came a yell from above them.

"Here, here, down here!" shouted Roger, recognizing Greenapple's voice and his own description.

"Bang! Bang! Crash! Crash!" came from above them, and then Greenapple yelled:

"Get up this ladder here and help me bash this hatch in; they've battened it down, the idiots."

"Is the brig sinking, Green?" yelled Roger, crawling upward again out of his involuntary bath.

"No," rasped the boy above him. "We've shipped a heavy sea, though, and some of it has got below. Something's gone wrong forward, too — something's staved in there; consarn this hatch, there's no getting it open." He leaped back again amongst them, knee deep in the swishing salt water. "Hang tight to something, or you'll get hurt — here she comes again!"

She came, indeed! She came with a ven-



geance, and the little vessel slid down, down, down, with a speed that was sickening. Would she never come up again? There came a sound of thundering water, and the gasping boys were almost smothered in the deluge, as the great waves found their way aboard and below. Despite battened hatches, it was evident the *Kate* was shipping a lot of water. Then that fearful downward plunge stopped, and up, up, up they went again, while the brig shivered and strained like a frightened fawn. Hanging, clutching, clawing at everything and anything, half suffocated, half drowned, the boys could do nothing but hold tight and gasp. Now a cross sea struck her with a heavy swing, as a man swings on his opponent in the ring, and she reeled under it, rolling to what seemed to the boys a perilous degree. Then over, far over to the other side, and they heard the great combers come thundering over her starboard gunwales; then, as if seeking to escape, down, down she plunged madly, shaking the three imprisoned boys about like peas in a pod, while above all the din of the storm, above the racking of the brig, and the groaning and working of her frame, arose that sound they had first heard — that half-human, half-animal wail of abject fear and utter misery.

“What — what is that?” stammered Dob-



son, clinging desperately to an upright. Roger had wound himself around the bottom companionway post, and Greenapple was gripping the rail that ran along the passageway.

"It's those trotters forward," he yelled. "I think they've broken loose."

The red-headed American was by far the coolest and most composed of the party. Roger and Dobson fully expected every plunge of the brig to be her last. It was their first terrifying experience of a full gale. Cooped up as they were, locked down between decks, they thought to be drowned like rats in a trap. With Greenapple it was different. He had taken several trips on the ice schooners plying between Norfolk and Maine, and he knew that so long as their craft remained staunch there was little danger of her going down. He concentrated all his efforts on avoiding broken bones. "Here," he yelled, a moment later, "let's go forward and see what the trouble is there. Make a chain, so — that's it — hang tight; all together. I'll get hold of these running supports. Now, don't let go; just hang tight — come on!" and staggering along, head down, the boy commenced to claw his way forward along the passageway, now pitching forward with the lunge of the *Kate*, now reeling back as she yawed, now swinging almost



around as she sagged, he fought his way on, on, on, his two companions clinging together for dear life. "He shouldn't have battened down that hatch without telling us," yelled Greenapple savagely, as his head came in contact with a door at the far end of the passage.

"Look out, here she goes again!" shouted Dobson, as the *Kate* shivered and wriggled, and then commenced to slide down into the next abyss, with a rush that brought all the lads to their knees in a confused jumble in the water. "Is she sinking, Crabapple?" he demanded, in his excitement going back to the old nickname.

"Nixie; she'll hold all right unless they pile her up ashore somewhere, but she's been put about; she's running with the wind now; she'll be steadier, I guess. Yes, just as I thought, the sheep are all loose!"

The boy had finally pounded open the tough, wooden door, and now the scene of the disaster lay before them. As Greenapple flung open the door, the uncanny noises they had heard burst upon them in a perfect din, as the terrified sheep scrambled and jostled about in hopeless confusion.

The forward lower deck of the brig had been converted into cattle stalls by the erection of stout wooden pens, each containing some twenty-



sheep. The divisions had racked loose during the storm, and now the hundreds of sheep were being driven backward and forward, to port or starboard, in a struggling, terrified, bleating mob. Some water had worked below and now swirled and splashed around them, adding to their terror. The weaker animals of the flock had been trampled under, and lay about half drowned and helpless.

In an instant Greenapple was all action. By common consent, he took command. Now that the brig was running before the wind, the rolling and pitching was less violent, and the boys were able to keep their feet.

"Come on," shouted Greenapple, all his brusque manner returning to him, "these darned brutes will jump on each other till they're all dead. Lift that rail up."

"What're you going to do; try to pen 'em up?"

"Sure. See; that long rod that runs the whole length has worked loose, and let it all down."

"I see," Dobson cried, beginning to get interested. "Come on, Yank!"

"Well, look here — whoop — there she goes again!"

"Never mind the brig; she's all right; let's get the trotters in."



"We'll have to get a few in a pen at a time and shut them up; that's the only way," said Roger.

"Sure, that's what I intend to do."

Greenapple seized one end of the long rail, Dobson the other, and Roger got under the middle. It was no small matter to get that heavy bar up, with the vessel rolling and pitching as she was, and the terrified sheep now huddled together in one corner, now making a wild rush, *en masse*, for some other point; now sent staggering this way by the roll of the brig, now precipitated that, as she recovered herself. The din was deafening. There is no more senseless animal than a sheep, — except it be a chicken. They blindly follow one another even to destruction. A flock of them has been known to leap one after another from a precipice into the abyss hundreds of feet below, simply following the blind, senseless lead of one of their number.

Once the bar was in position, and a few pens erected, Greenapple lost no time, but bodily seizing a sheep, lifted it over inside. Roger and Dobson followed his example. The game became interesting, and they began to forget everything, even the rolling, as they chased their objects, and cast them, struggling and kicking, inside the pens.



"Talk about a rough house," yelled Greenapple, who appeared to be immensely enjoying the work.

"Look out, Dob, stop that black beggar!" cried Roger.

Dobson endeavored to seize the escaping black sheep, and was sent sprawling his full length, while the runaway continued his mad flight, with Roger hanging desperately to the short stump of his tail.

"Oh, well tackled, sir!" applauded Dobson, as the captain flung himself on the sheep and brought him down. "Say, this is jolly fine practice for the squad next year, eh?"

"Beats the dummy all hollow," panted Roger.

Greenapple was working feverishly. His great arms encircled a runaway every minute, and lifted it struggling and kicking over inside the pens. He did little or no talking now, and beyond a smothered exclamation of wrath, as one evaded him, no words came from his lips.

"Elusive beggars," complained Roger, as he again tackled valiantly. "Oh, well collared, Dob; that was well tackled."

"The light's so thundering poor," was the valiant Dobson's comment, as he struggled penward with one of the kicking animals.



In the midst of the furious game they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Captain Dobbs, followed by two seamen.

"Well, I never did — I never did," ejaculated the old salt, as he stood an amazed spectator of the extraordinary scene. "I knowed something were wrong here below, but I couldn't get 'way from th' wheel afore. Good fur ye, me hearties; you be a-gettin' 'em in. Be there any damaged 'uns?"

"Hello, Captain," shouted Dobson, "no end of a mess here; come on and help."

"Get along and get busy," ordered the skipper, addressing his two seamen, and the Henley party was strengthened by two sailors.

"There are some of them here with broken legs, Captain," Roger called.

"What did you batten us down for?" demanded Greenapple gruffly, turning on the captain. "What do you think we are, a lot of women and children?"

"Now, now, young master," interrupted the captain, holding up his hand. "I'm skipper aboard this craft, an' I done wot I thought was fit an' proper. Down below was safest place fur you young gents. I wasn't goin' ter take no chance o' yer being swept oversides; you was 'sleep when I come down ter tell ye as I was goin' ter batten down."



"What's the brig doing now, running still?" demanded Greenapple.

"No, I've put her 'bout. Th' gale's most blowed itself out. I had ter run last night. Th' biggest seas come 'board her as I ever see; don't know as I ever seen 'em bigger. Some o' me canvas be gone, too. I be mightily obliged ter you young masters fur takin' care o' things down here. I had ter call th' two tenders up ter help me take in the canvas; never had no idea as them pens would stave in."

"It's lucky we did take a hand," Greenapple growled, "or your sheep would have been all mutton."

"Well, come 'long, an' leave th' boys ter handle th' rest on 'em; yer got yer sea legs, I notice. She's still rollin' consid'ble. Dick! Dick! Where's the coffee? Put some on twix the racks; th' young gents'll be peckish, I'll warrant."

"I'm damaged a bit," laughed Dobson. "Got a cut or something when I was knocked down."

"Well, now, that be too bad; I'll have ter fix ye up with some plaster, but it weren't I as sent th' blow, boys; 'twas the good Lord above us; we be all in the hollow o' his hand."



## CHAPTER XXVI

### MAN OVERBOARD

IT was morning — just morning — dull and gray, with leaden, lowering sky, and heavy, high-running sea, that reflected the gloom of the heavens. The brig, with foretopgallant trailing deckward, and beating under lower canvas only, had rounded St. David's Head, meeting a big Cunarder, tearing for Fishguard, their new port of destination. Roger and Dobson, with Greenapple just behind, had come on deck, after a wash-down and breakfast, apparently none the worse for their night's experience, with the exception of Dobson's plaster-decorated forehead.

"We'll run into fine weather soon," Captain Dobbs promised, "an' then ye'll have a good time, as Mister Jackson says. There's ne'er a prettier bay in th' world than Cardigan. Now, boys, get 'loft an' cut 'way broken tackle" — this to some members of the crew. Four men in charge of the second officer went aloft to repair the damage, while the *Kate's* skipper went on: "Never strained a seam through all



last night's blow; how's that fur a staunch craft, misters? "

" Where did all the water come from, then? " demanded Dobson. " Why it swished along up to our knees sometimes last night."

" Aye, ter be sure; that only worked in from oversides, though. No wonder, with the seas as come aboard her, either. Once, when we was shiftin' wheel hands, she fell off a point er two, an' wallowed smartish; then we took two green seas as fast as ye could count, an' some o' that got below, course. Why — "

But a startling shout cut the captain's speech short — a shout, perhaps the most dreaded of all by mariners:

" Man overboard! Man overboard! "

In an instant there was commotion aboard the *Kate*.

" Luff — luff up! " roared Captain Dobbs, dashing forward to the wheel.

" Where away? Where away? " came the shouts from the deck watch. " Life buoy! Cast the buoy! Starboard, there! Heave to! Man the cutter! Cutter away, there! "

Every one appeared to be shouting at the same time. Three or four men dashed to the starboard davits, and commenced to unleash the cutter, which had been securely fastened previous to the gale.



"Cut 'em, boys! Cut 'em 'way!" roared the skipper.

The men worked furiously, ripping the tarpaulin away and endeavoring to cut loose the lashings. The three boys, with one accord, rushed to the starboard rail, where they had caught a fleeting glance of a struggling form.

It was one of the men from aloft. During one of the heavy rolls of the brig, he had lost his balance, and been hurled down into the leaden waters.

"Look out, Crab, what're you doing!" shouted Roger, endeavoring to lay a detaining hand upon his countryman, who, like lightning, had slipped his shoes and coat, and sprang cleverly to the top of the rail.

"Come back, Apple, you idiot!" roared Dobson, also making a grab for the boy.

"Mind your own business," snarled Greenapple, swinging his right arm, and cutting himself loose from the grasp of his companions. He stood there poised a second, then his body flashed through the air, a splash, a dull thud, and he was gone, leaving Roger and Dobson gazing wildly over the side at the spot where he had disappeared.

They heard Captain Dobbs shouting a series of rapid orders, and saw him run across the



deck and slash at the obstinate lashings of the cutter. The boat was cut free.

"Lower away!" came the captain's sharp command. "Out sweeps; fend her off, there; pull away! pull away, boys! Pull for your lives! Give way!" and down into the troughs and up the succeeding mountains of gray water struggled the cutter of the *Kate*, in charge of her master, in her race with death, while the brig spun around like a top, and luffed up into the swell almost broadside on.

Roger and Dobson stood clutching the board bulwarks, aghast. The whole affair had occurred with startling swiftness. One moment they had been talking with Captain Dobbs; the cry had come, and almost before they had realized it Greenapple had taken the leap, and was struggling doggedly away to where a bobbing head showed where fought the seaman from the *Kate*; and up, up, down, down, two flashes of white there, two here, marked where the oars of the cutter were being pulled by her short-handed crew, while in the stern, his weather-beaten face peering out keenly from beneath his slouch hat, and tiller tucked under his arm, crouched Captain Dobbs, while his deep voice came back to them in stentorian roars of: "One, one, one, one," as he swayed back and forth in unison with the men at the rowlocks.



It was no child's work to take a small boat like the *Kate's* cutter out in that sea. The water was still running in mountains of gray and green, with angry top crests of foam, as if in resentment to last night's gale.

"Look! Look! There he is!" Roger yelled, grasping Dobson by the arm.

"That's Crabgreen; I can see his red mop, and there's the other chap — he's getting to him. Go it Greencrab — go it! The boat's coming! The boat's coming! Hang on! Hang on!" shouted Dobson, mad with excitement, and scarcely knowing how he spoke. The boy had struggled out of his coat, as if meditating a plunge in pursuit of the Henley swimmer, but Roger restrained him.

"Stay here, Dob. You can do no good now; the boat will get him, if anything can. They're pulling like everything — pull! pull! Pull, you beggars!" yelled Roger, like his chum, forgetting everything in the tenseness of the moment.

Dick, the cabin boy, had rushed up from the lower deck, and now joined his shouts with those of the lads, while the crew of the brig fought her up into the wind in pursuit of the cutter.

They could plainly see Greenapple now; his arms going like flails; his mop of red buried

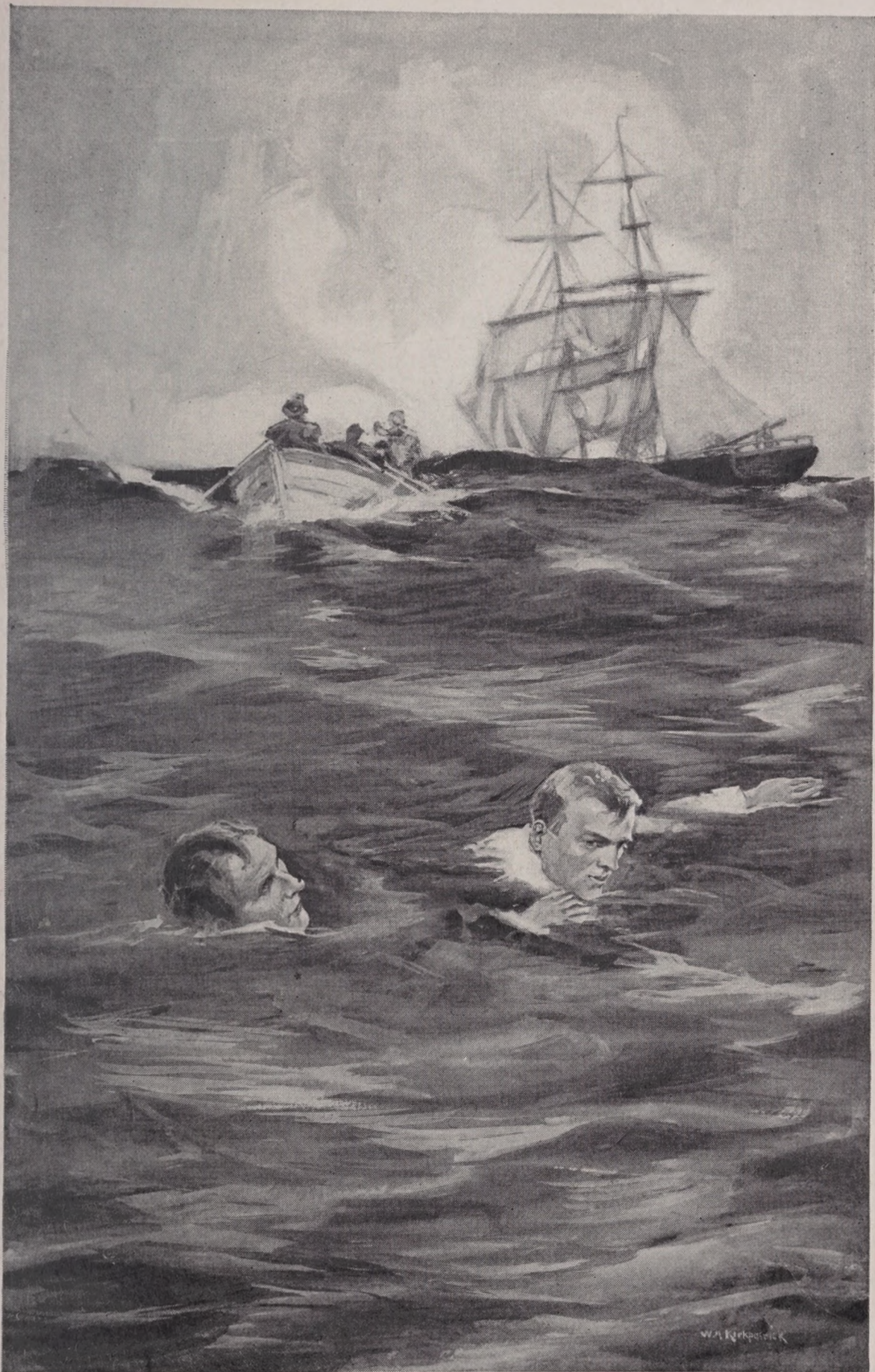


every instant in the great rollers. Once, twice, he altered his stroke to the breast one, and lifted himself almost shoulders out, looking around evidently to see if he was going in the right direction, then furiously he recommenced the overhand stroke again, while with every swing of the oars the cutter overhauled him.

“ Help — help — ” was borne to the excited watchers, in a smothered cry, and then an answering yell of: “ Coming, coming; don’t quit,” from Greenapple, while from the cutter came the earnest, stentorian shouts of the *Kate*’s skipper, as he urged his men along: “ Give way! Give way! Give way!”

Now Greenapple was within a cable’s length of his goal. They saw him lifted high up on the summit of a great roller, and then down, down again, lost in the succeeding trough, and when next they saw him, he was with the nearly exhausted man, swimming a slow breast stroke, the sailor with both hands on his shoulder, resting, waiting for the oncoming boat. It came with a great rush down into the abyss of water; tore past them, swung around and backwatered. Then a coil of rope circled through the air, a life buoy followed. There was a manoeuvring for position, and then they saw the two dripping forms drawn into the cutter by sturdy arms, and the boat was heading back for the





WHEN NEXT THEY SAW HIM, HE WAS WITH THE NEARLY EXHAUSTED  
MAN. *Page 228.*







brig, fighting its way up and down the dark mountains of water.

The brig was luffed up and waiting for them; three or four men were clinging expectantly to the rail, with tackle ready to hoist, and Dick, true to his position as steward, had rushed off to prepare hot coffee and restoratives. Roger was cheering frantically, and Dobson, all his slower Saxon disposition stirred by a great emotion, was joining in the hurrahs of the waiting seamen.

The cutter came in with a rush, and shot up cleverly alongside the brig's bulwarks; the hooks were made fast, the pulleys worked, and up, up, up, dripping with the brine, was hauled the cutter of the *Kate*, with her crew, rescued and rescuer.

"Get 'long inter th' galley with ye two," commanded Captain Dobbs, and the man was borne off by his messmates, with Greenapple following, apparently little the worse for his wetting.

"Th' neatest thing as I ever seen done," muttered the *Kate's* skipper, as he rolled after them. "'Nother sixty seconds an' he'd have gone down — we'd n'er have been there in time. Th' lad done well, God bless him. Bring her up inter the wind, Mr. Davis, an' square 'way."



## CHAPTER XXVII

### EN VOYAGE

IN the rolling little galley, with its clanging pots and pans, an epoch was being marked in the life of Solomon Greenapple. For the first time in his career he was realizing the pleasures of true comradeship; for the first time in many years he knew the worth and meaning of a hand grip.

There was nothing hysterical in the congratulations of his schoolmates. Your Anglo-Saxon does not express his commendation by falling on the neck, and with tears. It was the grip of the hand, the square, direct glance of the eye that told Solomon Greenapple all he cared to know, and in that minute or so in the galley of the *Kate* he knew he stood a peer with his two schoolmates: that all the unkind past was blotted out; all the ungenerous words apologized for, and that henceforth, so far as his countryman and Dobson were concerned, he was their chum — one of Henley's fellows. He had proved his mettle when he looked Death



in the face, and grappled with the grim destroyer in the swell of the St. George's Channel.

Neither were Captain Dobbs' congratulations any more boisterous.

"You done well, young man," was all the skipper of the *Kate* said, "an' I'd like ter shake hands with ye, bein' as yer willin'. Now, get out'er them duds an' rub yerself down smart-ish-like; lend a hand, boys."

The captain's prediction of fine weather came true, and that night a golden sunset foretold a fine to-morrow. The northwesterly wind veered to southwest, and the *Kate* ploughed her way through lessening billows under increasing canvas. The damage to the foretopgallant was repaired before night; new sails were bent, and a touch of the paint brush here and there made the brig look spick and span. Her decks gleamed white and spotless under the rays of the setting sun; and the sea, now running in long, oily swells, gave a pleasant, lullaby motion. Not a jot of land was in sight. The *Kate* was running almost dead before the wind across the wide sweep of Cardigan Bay. Far off to starboard was the unseen Welsh coast; to port lay the equally invisible Emerald Isle; she was bowling over the green waters of the Irish Sea. Passing craft were frequent. Now a big side-wheeler excursion steamer, crowded



with holiday seekers; now a long, powerful, mail boat, racing with the brown sacks of the G. P. O., and then a small fleet of smacks making for their fishing grounds.

Slowly the long twilight deepened. The shipping was blotted out by the sable mantle of night; still, here or there a heaving red or green light marked the progress of some vessel. On the *Kate*, the night lanterns were hung out — a red to port, a green to starboard, and the emerald and ruby rays were reflected upon the long, oily swells, and danced and gleamed upon the white crests of foam. It was a beautiful night, a very different one to the last.

After supper, the boys came on deck, and there lingered until late. It was difficult to tear themselves away from the scene, for presently the glorious silver moon appeared far down in the eastern sea, and slowly mounting into the night, spread everywhere a restful calm — a calm and a silence that was broken only by the half-hourly clang of the *Kate's* bell, the low orders and the creaking of cordage, or slight flapping or straining of canvas, and then the break of the waters against the bow of the brig, and the swirl along her rail. The *Kate's* boatswain was at her wheel, and the odor of shag tobacco was wafted now and again to the boys, as they lounged forward of the



main hatch, gazing out across the dim waste of water.

"There's some ship coming almost straight toward us," pointed out Dobson, as a twinkling green light dipped and nodded afar off.

"Wonder which way she's going?" questioned Roger.

"Coming toward us from the Irish coast," mumbled Greenapple, who was drowsily resting with his chin on the rail.

"Doesn't seem to be moving at all; how'd you know which way she's going?" demanded Dobson.

Greenapple leaned back in his chair and hummed:

"If to my starboard red appear,  
It is my duty to keep clear;  
Act as judgment says is proper—  
'Port!' or 'Starboard!' 'Back!' or 'Stop her!'  
But when upon my port is seen  
A steamer's starboard light of green,  
For me there's naught to do, but see  
That green to port keeps clear of me."

"Good thing to remember," he commented; "skipper of one of Pop's schooners taught it me on a trip up north two years ago."

Six bells clanging out noisily from the *Kate's* clapper broke in upon the low-toned conversation.



"What time's that — eleven, isn't it?" inquired Roger.

"Yep," assented Greenapple.

"Don't let's turn in yet; it's too bally fine," demurred Dobson, anticipating some suggestion like that from his chum.

Greenapple again flung himself forward, chin on the rail.

The green light had crept in nearer. They could see it now quite plainly, nodding and courtesying to them on the swell, and then the tall, spectral-like masts and yards loomed out and the dim deck light over the steersman, showing up his figure, with arms grasping wheel. It was a large, three-masted, full-rigged ship, bearing down on them on the starboard tack.

"What's she going to do — go back or front of us?" demanded Dobson.

"I guess she'll come about before she reaches us, and square away on the port tack in front," opined Greenapple, slowly getting to his feet, and gazing at the approaching stranger.

The *Kate's* bell clanged noisily in warning to the on-coming vessel, and the boatswain, at the wheel, gave a few orders. Still the stranger held on her course. The *Kate's* deck watch stood to the braces, and the brig veered off to starboard, her red port lights gleaming into the



green lanterns of the ship, and the boatswain's voice was raised in a hoarse, stentorian roar:

"Ahoy! Ahoy! Are ye asleep, there?"

There was a brief second's silence, then came a bustle aboard the stranger; shouted orders; a running of bare feet, that could plainly be heard, and then she stood away on the other tack, while the *Kate* swung back, and passed her not two hundred feet astern, with her boatswain yelling compliments at the receding boat.

"Be yer all asleep, there, ye blind bats!" he roared angrily.

"Aw, go ter blazes, yer nervous kittens; we seen yer," came back the retort, as the stern light of the ship faded into the night.

"Bet he was asleep," commented the *Kate's* steersman, still gazing wrathfully after the stranger. "'Tis just such darned-fool carelessness as that as brings 'bout smashes."

He lit his pipe again, and resumed his trick at the wheel, while the three boys arose, and stretching themselves, went down the companionway to their berths below.

That beautiful night was succeeded by a beautiful day, with brilliant, almost summer sunshine, and a whole sail breeze. When Captain Dobbs' visitors came on deck next morning, the *Kate* was traveling at a great rate, with every stitch of canvas drawing,



and far off, away to the northeast, a tiny blur showed where Bardsey Island was just coming into view. Considerable excitement was being displayed by the crew, and at the wheel, old Captain Dobbs was evidently exhibiting the best paces of the brig. The cause was not far to seek. Out some mile and a half, almost abeam of the *Kate*, a large brigantine, under all canvas, was reaching in gallant style.

"She come out from th' Irish coast early this morn, an' been holdin' us th' last three hours," explained Captain Dobbs. "I'll warrant she's bound ter Birkenhead, same as we be, but I'll beat her in, if 'tis in th' *Kate* ter do it — shake out th' baby jib, there, Mr. Davis; I'll carry balloons afore I'll take their tow. 'Tis a mighty fine sailin' breeze, an' th' *Kate'll* stand all canvas I can put on her."

The boys crowded to the port rail, and gazed out at the reaching brigantine. The foam was smothering away from her bow in long, graceful rolls, as she lay down to the breeze, and footed fast.

"Get a move on yer; shake that rag out!" roared the skipper, now right in his element; "I wants ter give her me stern wash 'round Bardsey, an' then I'll square away fur Holyhead, an' lose her on th' beat in from Carnel's Point cross ter Birkenhead, maybe. Th'



*Kate's* good at reachin', but better at beatin'," he explained to Greenapple, who had come across deck, and was standing near the wheel.

The boy was gazing aloft critically at the canvas.

"Everything's drawing well," he commented, "and she stands up good and stiff; I guess she'll bear all the canvas you can crowd on her."

"In this breeze, yes, but I ain't one never ter take no risks, though I likes a bit o' fast sailin' as well as most 'uns, but 'tis business first with me, and sport a'terwards."

The old salt stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand, contemplated the distant vessel. "She ain't a-footin' it so fast," he muttered. "Strikes me as th' wind is a-fallin'; hope it'll hold till we rounds Bardsey."

The race soon became very interesting. Despite Captain Dobbs' fears, the wind did not decrease, but continued to hold steady and true. The two ships fast lessened the distance between them and Bardsey Island, drawing closer and closer to one another as they bore down upon it, the stranger gradually crawling up on the *Kate*, which, despite her inside position, appeared to be losing in her race for the promontory. The brigantine, however, stood so long on the starboard reach



that she got too near in, and had to take a short tack to clear, and this gave the *Kate*, whose master had calculated the distance better, the advantage by a bare four minutes, by which time she rounded the island, and stood off Carnarvon Bay for Holyhead, with the brigantine half a mile astern.

Other craft passed and met the *Kate*, but aboard the brig all interest was centered on their rival, which appeared to be of about the same tonnage. With the exception of a short time spent below for meals, the boys remained all day on deck, interested spectators.

There was a lot of jockeying around Holyhead, and again in the broad reach for Cernel's Point, but Captain Dobbs was on his mettle, and more than held his own.

Just before passing Holyhead, an incident occurred that for the time being, at least, eclipsed the feverish interest in the race, for as Captain Dobbs stood out to come about around the little Welsh seaport, a big, clipper-bowed steamer, with two funnels and pole masts, came racing past them on the port side. The captain and crew, intent only on pushing their brig to her limit, had been taking small notice of anything else, but as for a fleeting moment the skipper permitted his eyes to rest upon the steamer, his jaw dropped, and he stared as



if he had seen a ghost. Next moment his command rang out authoritatively:

“ Mr. Davis, run the jack up to the main and dip smartly — hump yerself, sir; dip smartly three times. By th’ great Lord Harry, if it ain’t the royal yacht! ”

All eyes were now focused upon the great steamer. A splendid sight she presented, as with clipper bow and shapely body that scarcely caused a ripple, she tore through the water. But it was not upon her hull or funnels they all gazed, but at that immense, gorgeous flag that stood out from her main, all purple and gold — the Royal Standard, that told of the presence of royalty aboard.

Dobson, like the true Englishman he was, became at once madly enthusiastic. Never had Roger seen him behave in such an excited manner before. Your true Briton, though stolid and unemotional as a rule, is capable of tremendous enthusiasm when he is thoroughly aroused. But it takes something to arouse him. He must be singing *God save the King* (taking his hat off to himself, as Max O’Rell calls it). Or perhaps the announced result of a hard-fought battle may bring him to his feet with those deep-chested cheers. I saw John Bull thus go mad once in London some years ago. It was on the occasion of the relief of Mafeking, and then



for ten hours he put to shame the wildest joy of any Parisian mob. Our old friend John Bull went clean, stark, staring mad, and then next morning looked around sheepishly and was very much ashamed of himself. So now, as the word flew from mouth to mouth: "The King! The King!" and as the Union Jack snapped and cracked in the fresh breeze, and fluttered up and down in frenzied salutes, Dobson went suddenly insane.

"Oh, Yank, Crabgreen, Yank, look, you beggars! It's the King! Hurrah for Henley — hurrah for the King! Get up here, you beggars. Yell! Yell! The Royal Yacht! The Royal Yacht! Hurrah! Hurrah — Henley — I mean the King! Hack it through — well pulled, sir! The King! The King! The King! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The wildly excited boy had grasped Roger by the collar, and was endeavoring to lift him up bodily into the shrouds of the mizzenmast, where he had clambered at the first excitement.

"Let go, Dob, you ass!" yelled Roger, struggling to release himself from the grip. "I'm coming up; let me go."

But Dobson was past understanding anything. With his legs firmly interwoven with the rope ladder, he continued to shout and shout and wave and wave frenziedly, and when



at last Roger scrambled up beside him, he was still cheering, almost black in the face, for the king, and Henley and the *Kate* and Captain Dobbs, and assuring every one within reach of his voice (and that was at least one-half mile) that it was: "Well pulled, sir," "Hacked through," and "Well hit," and "Played, sir," and a dozen other hackneyed school phrases, while from the seamen crowded at the rail and in the rigging, arose cheer after cheer and hurrah after hurrah. Dick and the chief officer were frantically sending the Union Jack up and down, up and down as if their lives depended on it, and Captain Dobbs, having hastily lashed the wheel, utterly forgetful of the race, and having exhausted himself with cheering, had removed the inevitable quid of tobacco from his mouth, and was engaged in tossing it up and catching it again, his weather-beaten face wreathed in one immense grin.

Even Roger caught the enthusiasm, and cheered and cheered and cheered; while Greenapple, who appeared to be the only one aboard the *Kate* who had not gone insane, lifted his cap now and again, and then glared around at the crazy crew, as if ashamed of being caught in the act.

From the great steamer came a prolonged, hoarse hoot, and a signal boy on the flying



bridge, wigwagged a rapid message of: "Thank you." Then a trim-bearded, nattily-dressed man, in yachting rig, stepped to the starboard rail of the navigating bridge, and politely raised his cap, while a boyish figure at his side followed his greeting, whereat the hurrahs on the *Kate* broke out afresh, and enthusiastic shouts of "The King! The Prince o' Wales!" were merged into that grand old tune that does duty as national anthem for so many countries, and *God save our gracious King*, floated across the dancing blue from the *Kate* to the royal yacht.

The big steamer swung across the *Kate's* bows, and headed for Holyhead, leaving behind her a long trail of black smudge.

"Where's she going to?" demanded Roger.

"'Tis ter Carnarvon Castle he an' th' prince be goin'," replied Captain Dobbs, "fur he ain't th' Prince o' Wales yet, not till he's gone through some sorter ceremony there."

"That's so," agreed Dobson, "I remember now, they are going to invest him as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle; the governor wrote me something about it. Say, wasn't that ripping that we ran into him?"

"Never saw you so bally excited before, Dob," said Roger. "Why, you jumped clean off your base."



"I thought he had gone crazy," Greenapple muttered. "I don't see how you do it."

"Do what?" demanded Dobson.

"Get so excited."

"Well, it was the king, you know, and the Prince of Wales," Dobson said, as if that was ample reason to account for his behavior.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### GREENAPPLE SEES THINGS

DURING the night the *Kate* lost sight of the brigantine, and when morning dawned, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Must have stood on up north," Captain Dobbs said. "I thought she were bound fur Birkenhead, same as we."

The run to Birkenhead was against head winds all the way, and it was forty-seven hours after leaving Holyhead before the *Kate* entered the Mersey, and two hours later tied up at the inner dock of Liverpool's little sister, Birkenhead.

The good-byes to Captain Dobbs and his crew were said, and without wait, the boys took train for Hatherly Court, only about thirty miles away. The nearest station to the Dobson country seat was Braich-y-pwll (don't try to pronounce it, reader), and as Dobson had wired ahead to his people informing them of the time of his arrival, the visitors found waiting for them a comfortable little "wagon-



ette," in charge of a liveried coachman, who touched his hat respectfully, as he espied Dobson.

" 'Ere you are, Master Tommy!" he called out.

" Hello, Hodges," rejoined the scion of the house of Dobson. " Come on, you fellows; Hodges will take us home."

To Roger, the drive was familiar; he had spent many a holiday at Hatherly Court, but to Greenapple, everything was new.

" It's all right around here," was his comment, as he gazed at the grand scenery; " it reminds me very much of northern Pennsylvania, except that it isn't spoiled by the wretched little mining camps."

" Wait till you see Dob's ranch; he's got the bulliest place going; no end of fishing and shooting, eh, Dob? "

" Rather," acquiesced Dobson, " if only old Giles will let us do what we want to; he's getting more peevish every year."

" Who's old Giles? " asked Greenapple.

" He's the keeper; he's the third generation of his family to hold the job."

" What does he keep? "

" Why — why, he looks after things — looks after the game and fishing and all that sort of thing, you know."



"Oh, that's what you call a keeper, is it? Hired man, eh?"

"Well, yes, he's hired, as you say, but I rather think old Giles considers himself as much a part of Hatherly as the trees which grow there. His father and grandfather were keepers there before him, you know."

"Couldn't very well have been after him," agreed Greenapple, in his dry way.

At the lodge that marked the entrance to Hatherly Court the boys descended from their conveyance, and after a hearty welcome from the lodge keeper, started to walk up the broad, winding drive that led to the mansion.

"Who's that?" suddenly demanded Greenapple, stopping and wheeling about.

"What? Where?" cried his companions.

"Thought I saw that same fellow I've noticed twice since we left the ship; I'm pretty sure I saw him at the railway station, and then I thought I saw him again now — looked like a chap used to hang around a billiard joint back in Hamenchelt."

"You mean Dutton's place?" asked Roger.

"Yes. I know it's out of bounds; I don't go any more, but I dropped in once or twice when I first came to college."

"And you imagine one of Dutton's loafers was hanging around these parts? Oh, you're



off, Green, we're a couple of hundred miles from Hamenchelt."

"Guess I must have been mistaken; it looked like him, though."

The boy, followed by his companions, ran back a few yards, and glanced down the drive. The lodge keeper was just closing the big iron gates. Not another soul was in sight.

"Still, if it was any one spying on me, they could have slipped away into this park without any trouble," Greenapple observed.

"What should any one want to spy on you for?" asked Dobson.

"I don't know any reason, but — well, I could almost swear I've been followed since I left the brig."

"Oh, you're dreaming, Green; look, there's Dob's place," Roger said.

Sir Henry Dobson was away on duty at the War Office in London, but Lady Dobson was home, and soon the boys were receiving her warm welcome. The Dobsons kept home in the real old English style. Their seat, dating back some three and a half centuries, was a low, rambling mansion, built, after a rather pretty conceit of the time, in the form of a letter E, in honor of England's virgin queen, good Bess. One of the former Dobsons had rather spoiled the letter, but considerably added



to the comfort of the place by adding a long circular extension to the back of the E, and the present owner, young Dobson's father, had further improved it by adding bathrooms, electric lights and a heating plant, so that the residence was now about as comfortable as one could well find. It was ideally situated in the midst of the towering Welsh mountains, and old Snowdon, the tallest peak in all England, raised his cloud-enveloped head only thirty miles away to the south. Rushing mountain streams raced through the estate, leaving behind them quiet eddies and pools, where the game brook trout loved to lurk, forming an ideal paradise for the angler; and over this paradise old Giles, the keeper, kept jealous guard. Rabbits, grouse and quail made their home in the woods and forest lands on the north, for long years of careful, judicious handling had made the preserves of Hatherly Court famous through all North Wales. It was to this fine specimen of the old English manor that Dobson had brought his two guests to enjoy the holidays. To Roger, the place was almost as familiar as to his chum, but to Greenapple, each hour unfolded some unexpected charm.

Lady Dobson, a snowy-haired lady, soon made the new boy feel at home, and her son, intent only on his duties as host, exerted him-



self to the utmost to provide a good time for every hour of their stay. They shot, they fished, and took long rambles over the heather and thistle-clad hills, returning to the Court with appetites that would have been the despair of any boarding-house keeper. There is a delicious freedom about an English country house. The dinner is the only function for which one must dress.

The first day or so was spent in rambles close around the old mansion and its adjacent grounds, and then their activities took on a wider range. Awheel, they went to Bangor, and saw the great tubular bridge that spans Menia Straits, a typical British structure of stone and steel connecting the Welsh mainland with the isle of Anglesee. They visited the big suspension bridge; they went to Conway Castle, where the muddy Conway River washes its ancient, mouldering stones, and there they saw the bloodstains that still mark the place (at least, they are pointed out as such) where the unfortunate young prince was murdered by his rascally uncle.

It was while riding back from Conway that the first reference to the unfortunate flagstaff affair was made. It was Greenapple who spoke of it. Without any apparent cause, he blurted out:



"When I get back to Henley I'm going to make it my business to find out who cut that pole down; just see if I don't."

The words were savagely spoken, in true old Greenapple style, and his companions, as they pedaled along beside him, glanced up quickly. They rode along for some distance, and then Roger promised:

"I'll help you, Green, help you all I can."

"So'll I," swore Dobson, with vehemence. "I'd just like to find out who did the dirty trick."

"You're still both of you quite dead sure that I didn't do it?" questioned the former suspected one.

"Green," said Dobson earnestly, "if I had the least doubt on that point, I promise you I haven't now."

"All the same," went on Roger, "you know, it would be a whole lot of satisfaction to Green if he could put the thing on the shoulders where it belongs."

"That's it," agreed Greenapple savagely; "that's what I'm going to do. Wait until I get back — watch me."

"Well, let's forget all about it while we're up with Dob; we mustn't spoil the holiday by thinking about it."

"I'm not going to bother my head about it



up here, but seeing that pole over there at that hotel made me think of the school flagstaff again. I'll get the loafers yet, see if I don't." The old savage look was back on the boy's face again, and Roger was on the point of changing the subject, when Greenapple suddenly shouted: "Look there! There he is again!"

"Who, who?" demanded the two boys.

"That same fellow who spied on me at the railway station and in the park. Look, he's in that hotel entrance — he and another chap."

Greenapple was off his wheel by this time, and making his way into the roadside hostelry. The two figures he had pointed out disappeared as he entered, and though the boys spent half an hour with him endeavoring to again see the mysterious strangers, their search was vain. The hotel was filled with holiday makers, but not one of the many they passed looked like the men Greenapple claimed had so persistently and secretly dogged his footsteps.

"I think, Green, it's simply a case of 'seeing things,' " joked Dobson.

"No, it isn't," declared his guest. "There's something here I can't quite make out; wish I could get near enough to the loafers to see what they look like."



## CHAPTER XXIX

### A VISIT TO LANBERRIS

THE holidays drew swiftly to a close — too swiftly, for it was very pleasant amid the superb scenery, and with all the comforts of Hatherly Court. But Henley was now looming only forty-eight hours away, and that forty-eight hours going with the speed of an express. The long grind to the end of the summer term would soon commence, and then good-by to Henley, for this was both Roger's and Dobson's last term at college. The army would swallow up the younger son of the house of Dobson, and Roger would join his father in India. Greenapple would go on to Oxford, and there take his degree; he said so himself, so there could be no doubt about the latter part of the program.

Before leaving for college, the three boys paid a visit to the home of their schoolmate, Jack Maxwell, at Lanberris, some thirty miles to the south.

“ Jack used to be quite a handful, but he's steadier now, and getting through college in record time. You must remember him, Green;



he's the fastest hundred-yards man we have. I shall always remember the way he cut the running out for me in that open mile last year, eh, Dob? "

"Rather," chimed in Dobson. "You should have seen that, Green. Greatest thing ever. Yank, here, was up against three other public school chaps, and Max stayed in to make the running for him. By jinks, he took you along, didn't he, Yank, and then curled up and dropped out at half distance."

"Yes, he ran the Eton fellow ten yards ahead of me, and then quit, and left him there, and all I had to do was to run him down."

"That was all," repeated Dobson significantly, "and you did it, too, did it by twelve inches. By Jove, what a finish! Nearly gave me heart failure. But you know, my sweet Green, Yank, here, didn't inveigle us over to Lanberris in order to shake hands with Jack Maxwell — don't for one moment imagine that. Let me tell that Jack Maxwell has two — "

"Oh, shut up, Dob, don't make an ass of yourself," broke in Roger.

"Has two fair sisters, and Yank is dead stuck on — "

"Will you shut up, you silly beggar," again interrupted Roger, making a sudden lunge at his teasing chum.



"— On Irene. Watch 'em close, Green, or you'll never be able to tell them apart, for they're twins, and as much alike as two peas."

Roger made a sudden dive at the tormentor, who dodged, and resumed from the safe retreat of an old elm:

"Yank's the only fellow in the county who can tell the difference between them — whoop, missed again, Yank! Here, this side," and the grinning Dobson dodged around the tree. "Quite a romantic affair, you know," he went on, wagging his finger at Roger, who was jumping first one side, then the other, in an endeavor to capture the boy. "Met 'em first up Snowdon; they were lost and — ah, ah, not that time, my worthy Yank — and we found 'em, and another time we saved their hat for them at Llandudno, and —"

"Oh, yes, we saved their hat all right," agreed Roger, watching his opportunity to capture. "Dob saved their hat all right, and lost everything else, barring honor, didn't you, Dob? You should have seen that hat after he finished jumping on it."

"Well it was going over the cliff if I hadn't stopped it, and I did save it, anyway," asserted Dobson, peering cautiously out from one side.

"Oh, you saved it all right, and handed it back to her in bits."



“And next,” the truthful recorder resumed, “next her horse ran away with her last Christmas, and Yank nearly broke his neck trying to catch the beast. Did it, too; I’ll give the chap credit for that, and now he’s — ”

“Got you, you beggar!” yelled Roger triumphantly, getting a grip on the teaser, who had become incautious as he talked. “Now, then, will you close your mouth? ”

“And Yank’s sweet — sweet — sweet — on — on — Irene,” gurgled Dobson, in a last effort to make known his story, as his chum’s hand closed over his mouth.

“Shut up! Shut up!” commanded Roger. “He’s talking a lot of rot, Green. We’re just going over to Lanberris because Mr. Maxwell invited us when we met him last Christmas, and to see Jack.”

“All right,” agreed Dobson, catching his breath again; “I’ll tell the twins that, just as soon as we get over there, see if I don’t. Tell ’em you didn’t come to see them at all — just their brother.”

“You do — you do. You make any more cracks like only you are capable of doing, and I’ll crack you, see if I don’t, my beauty,” was Roger’s last threat, as he relinquished his hold on his chum.

“Well,” commented Greenapple, who had



been a silent, interested spectator of the banter; "I see the captain will bear watching; didn't know you were a ladies' man, Jackson."

The three arrived at Lanberris soon after noon on the last day of the holidays, and received a hearty welcome from the Maxwells.

"I would suggest," said Mr. Maxwell, "that we all of us go out to the glen and falls; it is a magnificent day, and there is no prettier sight in all Wales than the Swallow Falls."

"Yes, and take our tea-basket along with us," the girls approved.

"And I'll wear a white ribbon and Irene a red one, so that Mr. Greenapple may not address me as Irene and Irene as me," observed one of the young ladies.

"Did I do that?" asked Greenapple. "I'll be careful and make no more mistakes, Miss Irene."

"I'm not Miss Irene; I'm Marjorie," disclaimed the one addressed.

"Well, perhaps you had better wear the ribbons, then," conceded the bewildered boy.

Thirty minutes later a merry party were bowling along the Carnarvon Road in the Maxwell touring car. About them on every side loomed the great mountains of gray slate and mottled marble, intermixed with riotous



coloring of purple heather and heliotrope thistle, with here and there splashes of silver where some rushing stream leaped and gamboled down the steep mountain sides. Dense masses of sombre forests edged in by rough stone walls between which the hard macadam road threaded its way in tortuous windings.

The twins, two good-looking specimens of the British school girl, with cheeks which flamed with perfect health and told eloquently of long rambles on their native mountains, were the best of companions. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell were ideal chaperons, and the boys, the jolliest of boys.

At a little hut half a mile from the falls the party left their motor in charge of the rustic there, and proceeded afoot, carrying their all-important "tea-basket." A winding foot-path led toward their goal. On one side rose sheer up the slabs of marble and slate; on the left, the stream leaped rock and boulder and circled in quiet, backwater eddies, while presently a continuously increasing thunder told they were approaching the far-famed falls.

Nature has not shown herself on such a gigantic scale in the little islands as in the great West. In the British Isles she is beautiful, soft, grand, if you will, but not on the immense plan she displays in the Western Hemisphere.



The charm of British scenery is peculiarly its own; wonderfully restful and soothing; a place where one may sit and dream and dream, lulled by the soft ripple of water and moan of breeze, unpestered by the curse of insect life that here so often robs the outdoor of its charms.

On the soft moss the party spread their snowy tablecloth, weighting it down at the corners with slabs of slate, while the ladies busied themselves with the little silver spirit lamp and teapot. Soon the odors of fragrant tea were wafted on the breeze, and the picnickers sat around to enjoy that pre-eminently British function, — afternoon tea in the open air.

It was new to Greenapple. Heretofore his life had been spent amid more or less contention; amid struggle, turmoil and excitement. He had seen little of the finer side of human life, little of that nicety and polish that at Henley went under the name of "form," and which the world calls "refinement." Here, around the tea-basket, on the green velvety turf, with the lull of the waterfall soothing every nerve, and the low-toned musical conversation of the picnickers, he seemed to be breathing a different air. With every breath he seemed to be inhaling quietness, contentment and peace. He flung his hands behind his head, lay back on



the turf in lazy contentment, and listened to the even tones of Mr. Maxwell as he recounted some of the old Welsh history connected with the spot on which they sat.



## CHAPTER XXX

### THE WHISPERING ROCK

“THESE old castles,” Mr. Maxwell was saying, “are all mute witnesses of the history of Wales. Carnarvon, where the king’s son is invested with the titles and orders of the Prince of Wales, Conway, which you visited only the other day, and Criccarth, have all seen most stirring deeds and listened to the Welsh battle-cry. We are all familiar with *The March of the Men of Harlech*. Mrs. Maxwell could recite it to you in the original Welsh; it is much more stirring in that, for it has lost a lot by Oxenford’s translation. Those lines were, as you know, inspired by Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion’s defense of Harlech Castle. ‘I have held a castle in France until all the old women of Wales have heard of it,’ he boasted, ‘and now I will hold a castle in Wales, until all the old women of France have heard of it.’ You know the last line of the verses; ‘Cambria ne’er can yield.’”



“It did yield, though, did it not?” pertinently inquired Roger.

“Yes,” Mr. Maxwell admitted, “they starved Dafydd out at last. Edward I built most of these old castles when he invaded Wales. They were erected for the purpose of overawing his new subjects, but most of them passed back at different times into the hands of the Welshmen.”

“I know the tune well enough, but not the words of that *March of Harlech*,” observed Greenapple.

“It is surprising how little the words are known,” commented Mrs. Maxwell. “Every one knows the tune, but so few the words. Irene, dear, can you not recite them for us?”

“Jack knows them — you do it, Jack,” suggested the young lady, whereupon young Maxwell, with considerable spirit, gave the famous lines.

“Men of Harlech, march to glory,  
Victory is hovering o’er ye,  
Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye,  
Hear ye not her call?  
At your sloth she seems to wonder,  
Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,  
Let the war-cry’s deafening thunder  
Every foe appal.  
Echoes loudly waking,  
Hill and valley shaking;



Till the sound spreads loud around,  
 The Saxon's courage breaking;  
 Your foes on every side assailing,  
 Forward press with heart unfailing,  
 Till invaders learn with quailing  
 Cambria ne'er can yield."

"I'll recite the other verse," volunteered Miss Marjorie, her enthusiasm rising at the recital of the stirring ballad:

"Thou who noble Cambria wrongest,  
 Know that freedom's cause is strongest,  
 Freedom's courage lasts the longest,  
 Ending but with death!  
 Freedom, countless hosts can scatter,  
 Freedom, stoutest mail can shatter,  
 Freedom, thickest walls can batter,  
 Fate is in her breath.  
 See, they are now flying,  
 Heaped are dead and dying!  
 Over might hath triumphed right,  
 Our land to foes denying;  
 Upon their soil we never sought them,  
 But this lesson we have taught them,  
 Cambria ne'er can yield."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the listeners, clapping their hands.

"Sounds like a Fourth of July poem," suggested Greenapple. "Why, what was that, thunder?"

"I believe it was," confirmed Mrs. Maxwell.

"I heard it before," said her husband, "but



I thought it was the blasting in the slate quarries. I expect we had better return to the car and get home."

They reached the motor not a moment too soon, for scarcely had they secured the leather curtains, and made snug the inside, when down came the storm with a flare of lightning, a crash of thunder, and a perfect deluge of rain.

"It won't last long," Mr. Maxwell prophesied, "but we may as well start for home. We will take the Torrent Road, through the Fairy Glen — Jack, jump out and crank."

"Poor me!" cried the son, "I'm always *it*. That's the trouble with being the only boy and having two sisters; have you got it to 'magneto,' father?"

"Yes, yes. Put the inverness on and you won't know it's raining."

Young Maxwell made a dive out into the pouring rain, wrestled with the crank-bar a moment, and then scrambled back inside again.

The car sped away. The thunder was echoing and vibrating from peak to peak. The vivid flashes were almost continuous; the road already awash from the downpour, and through it all the great touring car rushed, sending out on either side a deluge of mud and water. Inside, however, all was dry and comfortable.



The storm soon passed, and brilliant sunshine succeeded the black clouds. The curtains were rolled up, and along the Torrent Road toward the Fairy Glen bowled the big car. At the glen they again left the motor, and proceeded south toward the home of the fairies.

"Come along, Green, what are you waiting for?" urged Dobson.

"I could swear some one was following us along through there," Greenapple said, pointing to the foliage.

"Say, old man, I believe you are getting nervous," Roger joked. "That's the third or fourth time you thought some one was staggering us. It's the sun shining through the trees, and the shadows formed there that you see."

Greenapple continued gazing for a moment, then he resumed the walk and caught up with the rest of the party.

"I could swear there was some one there," he persisted. "If I get that idea any more I'll get a dash in."

"I scarcely think you need be worried about anything of that kind," Mr. Maxwell assured the boy. "This Welsh country is almost free from evil-doers; we are in the most crimeless district of all England and Wales."

They were in the glen by this time. A hun-



dred yards ahead of them the little road forked, a bridle path going to the right and left around huge slabs of marble.

"This is the whispering rock," Mr. Maxwell informed the boys. "Now, if you will go to the right, Roger, and your friend, Mr. Greenapple to the left, although separated by this mountain of marble, you will be able to hear each other's voice, though you only speak in whispers."

"Go ahead, Green. I'll take right, you left. How far shall we go, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Oh, just until you are out of sight — a hundred yards or so, and then you whisper to Mr. Greenapple. He will hear distinctly, and reply. We will await your return here; it is an old story with us."

The two boys disappeared to right and left, the rest of the party seating themselves and waiting.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and then Roger came in sight.

"Well," Dobson hailed, "did you hear him?"

"No," came back the shout, "I didn't hear a thing. I whispered and whispered and even called aloud, but Green didn't answer. I believe you're having a joke with us, are you not, sir?"

"No, no, my boy," Mr. Maxwell assured



him. "It was no joke. That is one of the most wonderful whispering galleries in the British Isles; your friend must have gone too far or not far enough."

"I should think he went too far, judging by the length of time he is taking to get back," Mrs. Maxwell said.

Dobson put his hand to his mouth, and made the glen ring with his hail: "Oh, Green — Green — come along back; we're waiting for you."

Only the echo was his answer, his shout traveling around and around with lessening power.

"Green — Green," he bellowed again. "Come 'long — it's getting dark — Green, Green!"

"Green, Green," the echo mocked.

"Let's walk up and meet him," suggested Jack Maxwell. "You folks go back to the car, and we'll overtake you at a trot. You have the lamps to light, Governor; it will be dark in half an hour."

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, with their daughters, started toward the road, and the three boys walked briskly up the glen in the direction their chum had taken.

"Wonder where the beggar's gone to," mused Jack Maxwell, as they turned into a



sweeping crescent of rocks, where the distance lay plain before them for half a mile.

“ Why, he’s not in sight! Where the dickens can he have gone? ” exclaimed Roger.

“ Well, here’s the whispering niche; see the sign? ” Dobson pointed out.

“ Yes, and look — why, by Jove, here’s his hat! Why, why — ”

Roger and his two companions stood stock-still staring at Greenapple’s Panama hat!



## CHAPTER XXXI

### FOUL PLAY

ALL of them knew it well. The missing boy had sent to London and obtained it. He had shown it to them all when it first arrived, and had worn it almost constantly except when he was aboard the yacht.

"Well, what in thunder did he fling that thing down here for, and go on away?" cried Maxwell, picking up the headgear.

"I suppose he took it off when he put his head inside the little hole to hear me," Roger suggested. "But where can he have gone to?"

"Let's raise a yell altogether."

With a mighty shout all three boys made their voices reverberate through the glen:

"Green — Green — Green!"

"Green, Green, Green," mocked back the circle of rocks.

"Hello, hello, hello!" again yelled the Henley lads.

"Hello, hello, hello," jeered back the glen.

"Why, he must hear that!" exclaimed Roger.

"Look here!" cried Maxwell, suddenly lean-



ing over and picking up something. — “Why, it’s a part of a watch-chain; why, it’s Greenapple’s; it has that charm he always carries — that shield with the stripes and little stars in enamel.”

Roger had snatched the charm from his companion.

“That is his!” he cried. “See, it’s broken! Why, something must have happened to Green — scatter out, you chaps; hunt around; he must have met with some accident.”

The three Henleyites searched far and near. They scrambled up the marble slabs; they scoured the dense woods on their left; they raced around the glen, and circled the whispering rocks. Not a sign of Greenapple was to be seen. Then they stopped and stood staring at one another. It was nearly dark now. In the distance they heard Mr. Maxwell’s voice, calling them to return.

“Yell back and tell him, Dob; you have the loudest voice,” Roger said.

“Hello,” Dobson bellowed. “We can’t find Greenapple anywhere.”

“I’ll sprint back and tell him; he can’t understand,” Jack Maxwell cried, and disappeared in the fast-gathering night, leaving Roger and his chum gazing at one another in bewilderment.



"Suppose anything can have happened to him? You know he's been fancying he's seen chaps following him for the last three weeks or so," Dobson half questioned.

"It begins to look fishy," Roger admitted.

They kept shouting now and again, so that if Greenapple had wandered off and become lost, he might know their direction, but only the echoes jeered back at them.

Young Maxwell and his father arrived in a few minutes, the latter carrying one of the rear oil lamps from the motor.

"You are sure that is his hat?" demanded the elder man.

"Yes, sir, certain; we all know it, and this is his chain, too; there's no doubt about it."

"Well, the inference is, then, that some evilly-disposed person has been up to mischief. You say he has been under the impression that some one has been following him lately?"

"Yes, sir, he's been constantly thinking that, but neither Dob nor I ever saw any one; we thought it was his imagination."

Mr. Maxwell was examining the chain by the light of the lamp.

"Yes, this has been broken; see, the links are wrenched, and only a part of the chain is here; the swivel is missing. It begins to look as if there had been attempted robbery here.



We can do little or nothing in the darkness; we must get back at once to Lanberris and appeal to the police. Dear me, why, the thing is scarcely conceivable! Let us examine the ground around here a little more carefully before we go. Jack, run back and tell your mother and the girls we shall be there in a few minutes; they will be getting uneasy at our long delay."

Again young Maxwell sped away into the darkness, while the elder man and the two boys resumed the search.

Nothing further was discovered, and all attempts to locate Greenapple were vain. The party was just on the point of abandoning the search when Dobson shouted:

"Look, there's been some kind of a scrap here! See!" He held the lamp, and pointed to where the dense brambles just a little off the road had been broken and trampled down. Mr. Maxwell and Roger at once got down on their hands and knees and made a thorough search.

"Here; here is some part of his cuff or something; it has his link still in it."

It was indeed the greater part of Greenapple's cuff, with the gold link button still hanging to one side, which Roger had discovered.

"That settles it, then," Mr. Maxwell said; "we must get assistance at once."



"Why not follow him up right here and now?" demanded Roger.

"It would be utterly useless without a guide. We should only lose ourselves and much precious time. The country is very wild around here. Come, hurry, let us return at once to the car, and get back to Lanberris."

Half reluctantly, the two boys followed, meeting Jack Maxwell on his way to rejoin them again.

"Get on to something?" he called.

"No, we must go to town and get the police; we can return in an hour or so."

"Isn't it the strangest thing; why, what can it mean, Dad?"

"It is a case of robbery, I should say."

"Well, then, why did they take Greenapple off?" objected Dobson.

"Yes, that's it," chimed in Roger. "If it was a hold-up, they would have left Green."

"'Pon my word," declared the elder man, "I scarcely know what to think."

They reached the car at a brisk walk. The lamps were already lit. Jack Maxwell cranked up and sprang into the front seat beside his father. "Now, hit her up, Dad!" he shouted, and off into the night bowled the motor.

Mr. Maxwell advanced his spark, and the car dashed away Lanberrisward.



## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE POLICE

THE county police inspector at Lanberris was incredulous, almost unbelieving at first, when Mr. Maxwell explained the mysterious disappearance.

"The boy has probably wandered off and got lost," he suggested.

"But that would not explain the broken watch-chain. Why leave his hat behind him? How do you account for the evidence of the struggle we saw there?" Mr. Maxwell argued.

The inspector, a short, stout little man, sat stroking his chin a moment, then he inquired:

"Will you lend me your car to run out there in, sir?"

"Certainly, and I and the boys will come with you, too, but I must first run home and drop Mrs. Maxwell and my daughters."

The inspector went out with Mr. Maxwell, and glanced at the car.

"Do the boys know how to run it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, my son does."



“ And there's enough petrol and all that sort of thing, so it won't stop, and the lamps won't go out? ”

“ No; everything's all ready, and the car will run for a hundred miles or more.”

The fore door of the car was open. The inspector stepped briskly toward it. “ What's that bit of white paper there? ” he demanded, pointing to a crumpled piece, wedged in by the mat.

“ I don't know. It's nothing of mine. Let us be starting as soon as possible, inspector,” Mr. Maxwell urged impatiently.

The officer seized the little crumpled piece of paper. By the light from the forward lamp he read it eagerly. “ Where'd it come from? ” he demanded, thrusting it into Mr. Maxwell's hand. “ Read it, sir.”

Rapidly Mr. Maxwell ran his eyes over the scrawled words:

“ Sir,” he read, “ If you wants to see this yankee kid again, you put a bag with £1000 in it in the wispering hole. Put it in to night or tomorrow, and dont bring no cops with you neither. Have the thousand in sovs — no bank notes. His governor will give you the boodle back and you wont lose nothing. If the quids aint there by tomorrow night we will cut his



blasted yankee throat, and chuck his body in the river. As soon as we gets the cash we will turn the kid loose without doing him no harm. You act square with us and we will act square with you, but if you tries any moon shine business the kids a gone un. Remember in the wispering hole £1000 in sovs by tomorrow night, and the kid will be home before morning. Your Bill Breakbounds."

"Why, it's a case of abduction — of kidnaping; what do you think of this, inspector?"

"How did they put that thing on your car without you seeing it?" demanded the officer.

"Let me see — Ah, then it must have been placed there when we were all absent; yes, yes, see, inspector, it is written in ink. It must have been prepared previously, and then left in the car when we were all away, and before they captured young Greenapple."

"Young what, sir?"

"Greenapple; that's his name."

"Is his father rich?"

"Very, so I am told. He is the son of an American millionaire."

The inspector whistled.

"So! Then I put it down to a case of kidnaping."

"You must act with caution. Nothing must



happen to the boy. Perhaps we had better accede to their demands; far better lose the money than have the boy murdered."

"They'll not murder him, sir. They want the money, not his body, and in my opinion, that method of coughing up hush money is contrary to the spirit of British law. I don't like it; it comes pretty close to compounding a felony."

"Well, what's your advice?"

"I shall strike while the iron's hot, sir. You go home and get some rest for an hour or so, and I'll arrange my plans. In a few hours I'll be ready; meanwhile I want to talk to the boys. They know him, and may be able to help me."

"Oh, I cannot rest; I shall remain here," declared Mr. Maxwell.

The fat little inspector was a busy man for the next few hours.

Dobson telegraphed home to Hatherly Court, detailing the startling events of the evening, and telling Lady Dobson he and Roger would remain over night at Lanberris with Mr. Maxwell.

Night, starry and moonlit, lay upon Lanberris, when some hours later four men and three youths climbed into the Maxwell car, and sped away toward the great Welsh mountain. The roads were still sloppy from the



recent storm. In defiance of county by-laws, the car carried no lights, but none were needed, for the road lay almost brilliant in the moonlight before them. Mr. Maxwell and the inspector occupied the front seat, while the three boys and two stalwart constables were in the tonneau. One of the policemen carried a somewhat bulky black bag. It was evidently of some weight, for as he swung it before him into the car, it landed with a dull, metallic thud. The officer winked knowingly at Dobson, as the boy wriggled it back under the seat with his feet.

"All ready?" demanded Mr. Maxwell, in quiet tones.

The policeman closed the door. "All ready, sir," he said. Mr. Maxwell advanced the spark, and almost noiselessly the car sped away. Every detail but one had been arranged. There remained little to do but act.

The inspector swung around as soon as the little town was left behind, and addressed one of the boys in the darkness of the tonneau.

"You see, Master Jackson," he said, "there's little or no risk you're taking. There'll be no one on watch — not yet. They will not be expecting us till the early morning, supposing that we won't be able to get the cash till then. So, then, this is what you'll do. You'll get



out of the car when we stop, and you'll walk along for a mile until you get to the whispering hole, and you'll put the bag quietly in there, and then you'll turn about and walk as if you were going away, so that if any of the gang are watching, they'll see you making off, but as soon as you get to the spot where the two paths divide, you'll slip to the left and hide there — hide and listen, young man. If you hear nothing and make sure that none of them have seen you, then crawl back till you find a spot where you can watch that whispering hole; a spot where you can't be spotted, though. There's no denying that you have the hardest nut to crack, and now comes the time to get the crackers out. You'll wait there and watch, and watch, and watch. Don't go to sleep now, young man, but keep both your eyes peeled, and in the morning, just as sure as there's sin in this world, they'll come sneaking up to see if anything's in that hole or not. 'Tis human nature, that is. Even though they've been watching all night and seen no one come, just the same, natural curiosity as killed the poor cat, will make 'em want to peep in that hole and see if anything is there."

Roger was listening very attentively, biting his lips as the inspector spoke. It was a nervous trick he had; it betrayed no weakness, but



only intense concentration. Dobson, sitting beside his chum, with his expressionless, British bulldog face, was wishing he had the job.

"Now supposing they do see you come," the police officer continued, "you've got to make 'em think that you go away; that's just what you've got to do. That's where your smartness will come in. I could," the inspector waved a hand towards his two constables, "I could send one of these, but you've got just the make-up for the job, and you ought to be able to turn the trick. You can think quick. That's why I was asking you those questions to-night in my office. You can travel smart, too, so they tell me, and that may come in handy."

Roger made no reply, and the officer went on:

"Now, everything's been arranged. You know where we are all posted. Just as soon as any of them come sneaking out to take their peep into that hole — and mind you, young man, they've got to come sooner or later if they want to get the coin, then you stag him. Understand, stag him."

"You mean I must follow and he mustn't see me?"

"That's what I do. You'll do just as I told you back there in the office. You'll put your finger on the button, and that'll give us



all the tip down there under the bridge on the road, and then you'll stag him, following him up and never losing sight of him, but be sure you keep dropping the scraps of paper so we can pick up your trail, and that ought to take you and us straight in to where they got this young gent — this — this — hang me, I never can remember his name."

"Greenapple," Roger filled in.

"To be sure, to be sure, Greenapple."

Roger's hand involuntarily went to the strap around his shoulder, and his fingers played nervously with the torn scraps of paper which reposed in the bag.

"All right," he comprehended briefly. "This is going to be something like a paper chase, eh?"

The motor came slowly to a stop.

"Here is the place," Mr. Maxwell announced softly. "Now, Roger," he continued, addressing the American boy, "as soon as you get the wire arranged, test it by pressing the button and getting our response; then you will be sure we are in touch with you, and after that all you have to do, if you want us, is to send the flash, and inside of four minutes we shall be at your side, and if you are on the track of these ruffians, we shall quickly be after you, following your paper trail. It is



most fortunate you are used to this paper chase sport."

"All right, sir; I'll do my part, never fear."

"I know it. I do place implicit confidence in you, Roger; but once again before you start, let me say that my own son or young Dobson will willingly take your place —"

"No, no, sir," Roger interrupted. "Green-apple is a countryman of mine. It is my place, my privilege to go."

"I wish I could go, too," Dobson muttered.

"I ought to go with Yank, you know."

"Only one may go," the inspector announced with decision, "and if there's to be any talk over it, I'll send one of my men, though I must say as the young gent from 'cross the pond is the chap best fitted for the job."

"It is all decided," Roger said quietly.

"I am going, and going alone, Dob. So long; give the signal as soon as you get mine."

Next moment the dark grove of firs had swallowed up Roger.



## CHAPTER XXXIII

### AN EARLY MORNING PAPER CHASE

THE party in the car alighted, and the inspector and one of his men rapidly placed in position a small switchboard, just off the road.

"Now, no talking, please, gentlemen," commanded the officer.

In the distance they could hear the sharp, breaking of twigs, and the lessening footfalls of the American, as he rapidly placed the distance between them.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed without sound or signal. Half an hour went by, and then suddenly, sounding almost loud in that great stillness, there came a swift: "Tap, tap, tap," of the little hammer on the muffled gong.

It was Roger giving his signal. He had arrived at his post.

The inspector nodded and climbed back into the car. The big motor had been backed far to one side into the gloom, completely hidden by the great forest firs. One constable remained lying upon the turf, with ear against the gong; the rest of the party were in the car.



The minutes sped past with wearisome slowness. Every few minutes the weird hoot of an owl came from the stillness of the forest, and twice the waiting party were startled by the sudden scurry of a rabbit past them. The moon had gone down, and a great blackness enveloped everything.

Presently Dobson, true to his Saxon stolidity, commenced to snore, and Jack Maxwell nudged him.

"Shut up," he whispered, and Dobson sat up and gazed around in bewildered manner.

Thirty minutes passed, and then, at a sign from the inspector, the other constable relieved his comrade at the signal-board.

Slowly, slowly, the night hours passed, and then at last a faint, gray streak in the east told of the coming dawn. Every half-hour the watch at the signal-board was changed, but still no sign came from Roger. By this time he must, of course, have deposited his bag with its thousand sovereigns in the whispering niche, and have been keeping his lonely vigil at the forked paths for hours. The inaction was becoming almost unbearable; the silence intolerable.

But now, with the coming of the day, the country around them commenced to be alive with the twitter of birds and the chirp of



insects, and then the sun, glorious and welcome, tipped the distant vale, and began slowly to climb into the heavens, flooding the whole country with his golden rays.

Mr. Maxwell glanced at his repeater. It was seven minutes after six o'clock.

Suddenly, with a noise that was startling, came an incessant: "tap, tap, tap," and almost with the first alarm, the inspector had leaped swiftly to the turf, followed by a constable. Mr. Maxwell, his son and Dobson were instantly after him. The officer stopped and held up his hand savagely: "No noise," he hissed.

The tapping had ceased. The man at the switch had scrambled to his feet, as the inspector pushed past him and assumed the lead, and followed by his two men, Mr. Maxwell and the boys, he dove into the wood, and struck across country for the path toward the whispering rock.

"Have your revolvers ready," he whispered hoarsely.

By the cross cut, at a dead run, in four minutes they reached the forked paths, the police officer in the lead. He stayed not a second, but followed at a trot the plainly defined track of white paper.

Mr. Maxwell, unused to violent exertions, had been left in the rear, but the policemen and



the two Henley boys were easily keeping up. Indeed, to the college lads, thoroughly at home at the game, the pace seemed slow, although the police inspector, stout and short of wind, was already fagging, though sticking gamely to the lead.

The guiding paper led them immediately across the path and into the forest toward the sides of old Snowdon. The whispering niche was left far to their right. The leader's pace had degenerated almost to a walk, and Dobson and Maxwell urged him to let them pass, but the older man resolutely refused.

"Let this long-legged chap and Max and me go on, and you two follow as fast as you can," insisted Dobson, chafing at the slow pace.

Still the inspector hesitated.

"If we come up with them, Yank'll be there, and we four can hold 'em, till you two get up, and there's Mr. Maxwell behind, too," Dobson went on, seeking to take the lead.

"Go on, then," came the panted reply, and next moment Dobson, with the speedy Maxwell at his side, and the fresher of the two policemen at his heels, had taken up the pursuit at a furious pace.

"Now, then, come on, Max," growled Dobson.

Behind them were the inspector and the



fagged policeman, with Mr. Maxwell still struggling along in the distance.

"Listen," whispered Maxwell in his chum's ear, "I hear some one running!"

"I know — I hear it, too. It must be Yank; see, his trail's plain as a pike."

"Go on, then," urged Maxwell, "we're almost on top of him now."

The long-legged constable was still running with them. "Keep on," he insisted; "we're getting 'em."

There was no intention on the part of the boys of stopping; instead, they increased their pace, and a moment later caught sight of Roger, trotting along rather slowly, and every moment or so casting back a glance over his shoulder. He waved his hand as he saw them, and, with new vigor, they set sail to overtake him. A moment later he dropped to his knees, and held up his hand for caution. The Henley boys, followed by the one policeman, crawled rapidly towards him.

"There! There! They've sat down — see, they've opened the bag!" panted Roger.

The little party, concealed behind a dense screen of blackberry bushes, gazed out across an open space, and beyond that to another thicket, behind which three heads could be distinctly seen.



"They've opened it; I heard the coin clink. Where's the inspector?" whispered Roger.

"Coming up behind, and the other policeman, and Max's dad."

"Shall we rush em?"

"No, no, wait; wait till they move," objected Jack Maxwell.

"Only two came to get the bag, but another joined them," went on Roger.

"But where's Green?"

"Must have hid him up there." Roger pointed Snowdonward.

"Now, you wait; wait till the inspector comes up, young gents," insisted the constable.

They could hear the officer now almost up to them, and then came the other constable.

"Down, down, keep low," whispered the inspector.

He was watching keenly the three indistinct figures through the screen of greenwood. "We must flank 'em and get 'em in a net," he muttered. "Will you three young gents make a sweep, and get in their rear. When you're well back, spread out and come down on them; we'll close in from here, and seal 'em up. Don't shoot without you've got to, but if they show fight, take no chances, but bring 'em down."

"Tell 'em, sir, to be careful not to shoot



into us, if they're at the back of the kidders," suggested the long-legged constable.

But the boys had already dived into the gray forest, in a wide sweeping movement. A few moments later the waiting policemen were joined by Mr. Maxwell, who came panting up behind them.

"Where are the boys?" he demanded.

"Shoo — not so loud, sir. We've got the rogues cornered over there, and your young gents have gone to drive them down or head them off as the case may be. Now, spread out; Adams, you to the right, and Kemp to the left; you stay with me, sir — got your revolver?"

The party had advanced but a few steps when the figures of the three men were seen to arise, as if they had completed the task on which they had been employed. They turned their backs to the constable's party and commenced to tramp northward toward old Snowdon.

"They'll run into the lads in a few minutes, and we want to be close in," muttered the inspector. "Close in, men, quick! quick! No noise."

Meanwhile Roger and his companions had, by fast work, made a wide circuit, and obtained an advantageous position between the kidnapers and the mountain. Then they



turned about and commenced to envelope them. Roger was in the center, Dobson to his right, and Maxwell on the left.

Apparently with little thought that they were being trapped, or even followed, the three men came along without caution. Their right-hand member, a burly-looking man, was carrying the black bag with its thousand golden sovereigns, and the weight was giving him no difficulty, for he was swinging it almost jauntily. The center figure, a little larger than his companion and wearing a close-cropped beard, turned and said something to his mate, pointing toward the mountain, as he spoke. Then the fellow on the left joined in the conversation, but the distance was too great for the boys to distinguish what was said. The rogues were following an almost overgrown bridle-path, and Roger motioned for his companions to close in and bar its way. They slunk along under cover of the thick scrub and brambles until the passageway of the oncoming men was closed. Peering ahead, Dobson saw for a moment the form of one of the constables now within a hundred yards of the rear of the kidnapers. The crisis must come soon.

Suddenly Roger, who had been intently studying the advancing men, gave a start.

"Dob," he whispered, with bated breath,



“that middle chap’s Dutton — ‘Bunny’ Dutton!”

Dobson gave his chum an incredulous stare, then focused his gaze upon the man in the middle. A moment’s scrutiny satisfied him. Without doubt it was “Bunny” Dutton, the Hamenchelt publican and billiard saloon keeper!

They were too close now to permit of talking. Another twenty paces and they must disclose themselves. The boys braced themselves, each with a grip on their revolvers, for action. Fifteen paces; now ten.

Roger caught another glimpse of one of the inspector’s party, now less than fifty yards in the rear of the kidnapers. The rogues were almost upon them now! The moment had arrived!

“Throw up your hands!” yelled Roger, disclosing himself, and leveling his weapon at the nearest of the three. Dobson and Maxwell covered the others.

The surprise was overwhelming. The man with the bag flung it from him, and started to run, but Maxwell brought him to a halt with a threat to fire.

Dutton, as soon as the first shock was over, endeavored to carry matters off with a joke. The scamp knew Roger well, having met him several times when the American had occasion



to visit his saloon after some Henley ne'er-do-well.

"Well, well, Mister Jackson," he gurgled, extending a perspiring palm, as if to shake. "'O'd 'ave thought er seein' you hup 'ere!"

"Shut up, Dutton," ordered Roger curtly, "the game's up; you're nabbed."

"Game! Wot game?" innocently began Mr. Dutton, but his speech was cut short by the rush of the police officers, who quickly secured their three prisoners. The man on the left was the only one who showed any fight, but for a while he made things busy for all. Whipping an ugly-looking knife from his belt, he made a savage pass at the inspector, and it took the united efforts of the two constables to get the handcuffs on him. Dutton, when he saw the overwhelming force, gave up like a lamb. The fellow was a cad, and a rank coward. He had thought himself secure when he dispatched his two confederates to get the bag containing the money. If there was to be any trouble, it would occur then, so the publican figured, and he would have time to make his escape, leaving his two allies to bear all the danger. Things had gone wrong with Mr. Dutton at Hamenchelt of late. Every horse he had backed had lost, and he was in danger of seeing "the man in possession" sitting in his bar soon. In these



desperate circumstances, the rich American boy had crossed his path. He had seen the amount of cash he carried on his person, and the brilliant idea of kidnaping him had come to his mind. Here was a chance to make a clear thousand pounds. He had inveigled two cronies into the scheme, one of them with a grievance against Greenapple, the nature of which will appear soon, and after shadowing the boy for some days had finally succeeded in getting him alone and off his guard at the whispering niche. They had prepared their plans very carefully, and caught Greenapple entirely at a disadvantage, with his head thrust into the hole, on the point of whispering to Roger on the far side. To smother a sack over his head and secure him had been not so easy as they thought, for the boy put up a savage fight. But it was three to one, and that one with his head in a sack. After a terrible two-minute tussle, they secured Greenapple, but not till he had fought them blindly right across the path into the forest. Then at last a blow on the head from a rock had knocked him senseless, and they dragged him off to the rendezvous on the mountain.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED

“WELL, well — I — I never did!” gasped Dutton, with great surprise, when the inspector opened the bag and asked him to account for its golden contents. “Where’d they come from?”

“It is odd, now, ain’t it?” the officer chuckled.

“Fact is,” continued Dutton, “me and me friends was just hout fer a morning walk, w’en we comes ’cross this bag, sitting right on the ground by the falls, and Tony, ’ere, says, says ’e, ‘Some gent must ’ave gone away and fergotten it after ’e’s bin a-whispering.’ ‘Aye, just leave hit there,’ says Hi, but ’e would bring it ’long, ’opin’ as ’e’d find the honer.”

“Well, you’ve found him all right; you needn’t look any more. Hold your hands out.”

“Hit’s the ’oly truth Hi’m a-telling,” Mr. Dutton swore, as the bracelets were fastened on his wrists.

“Now then, no more moonshine from any of you. Just go straight ahead and show us



where you've got him; shortest way, too, or it will only be the worse for you in the long run," commanded the inspector.

Dutton, a cur to the last, commenced to whine. "If I peaches and tells hall I knows, will yer let me hoff light?" he sniveled.

"Now I warn you," the officer said, holding up his hand, "that anything you say now and here will be used against you at your trial, so be careful."

But Dutton was bent on trying to curry favor by telling all. "We got 'im up ter the cave at the 'ther side," he whined on.

"If me hands was loose, blowed if I wouldn't crack ye one, yer dog," threatened the fellow who had put up the fight.

"Don't listen ter 'im, Mr. Inspector. I'm a-telling you hall I knows, and I'll take yer right straight ter th' cave and get the young gent fer you if yer'll promise ter speak fer me at the trial and get me off light; I didn't mean no 'arm ter the young gent; I was only 'aving a bit o' fun."

"I'd crack his pate fer him, if I had my way," growled the other man.

"Inspector," interrupted Roger, "I've seen both these men before; this fellow Dutton, and the one who's just spoken. I've seen them both at Hamenchelt."



"That's a lie; you never seen me there. I never been hout o' Wales in me life," snarled the man.

"Yes, I have," Roger affirmed. "I've seen you. I'll tell you where. It was in the quadrangle at Henley College, and you were working for Greenapple as a carpenter, and he fired you. I remember quite well now."

"Ugh, you're dotty," growled the man.

"Yes, you're right, Mister Jackson," babbled Dutton; "he's the man. His name's Carr, and he's the chap as got up this 'ere affair ter steal the young gent."

"You — you liar!" stormed the man, making a sudden dash at Dutton.

The officers pulled him back after a tussle.

"Now then, get a move on you," commanded the inspector, "and take us to where you have this young man; the quicker and straighter you take us the better it will be for you all. Move along; smartly now."

Dutton was only too glad to show the way. He realized how completely the game was up, and now sought only to curry favor by turning informer. The two other men remained sullen and taciturn.

In less than an hour's tramp they arrived at the base of the great mountain.

"'E's hin there," Dutton said, pointing to



a small opening in the rocks. "They got a cow chain on 'im. Carr and the other bloke put hit hon."

"Green! Green!" yelled the boys in chorus.

"Hello," came a familiar voice from inside. "Hump yourselves and let me loose; I want to get my hands on those chaps; I hear their voices; now I'll get even with them."

It sounded very natural — very much like the old Greenapple. With one accord the Henley boys scrambled inside. It was dark and at first they could distinguish nothing, but all could hear the imprisoned boy threatening dire vengeance on his abductors, as soon as he should get loose; and when finally he was unlocked, it took the united efforts of the three officers to prevent him fulfilling his vow.

Later, after the three prisoners had been safely taken to Carnarvon gaol, and Mr. Maxwell had brought the three boys back to Hatherly Court in his car, Greenapple told the story of his startling experiences. He related it in his short, jerky style, and there were many gaps to be filled in, but what the narrative lacked in detail, it made up for in its dramatic, surprising conclusion.

"Just got my head in that fool whispering crack and was trying to make Jackson hear me, when those chaps collared me from behind,



and before I could get out to attend to them, they had a rope round my hands, and then rammed a gag into my mouth and a sack over my head, and hustled me away. I was rather used up in the rough house, and they must have cracked me over the head, for I can't account for much of the time until I found myself in that cave, and that old cow chain made fast to me. You chaps all know the rest, but there's one thing you don't know."

"What?" demanded Dobson.

Greenapple's homely face expanded into a malevolent grin.

"Why, that fellow, Carr, that surly brute, is the fellow who cut the flagstaff down. He —"

"He *is*!" cried the lads in unison.

"That's what I said."

"How do you know, Green?"

"I am going to tell you if you'll wait. I recognized him as soon as I set eyes on him in the cave, for all he had his face partially concealed by a dirty handkerchief, and then later I heard them all talking among themselves outside. He's one of the first chaps I fired when I was putting up that flagstaff, and that's why he had it in for me. He and that dirty loafer, Dutton, concocted the whole scheme down in the saloon on North Street. Oh, I had a good chance to hear all about it, for they



talked on outside for over an hour after they got me fixed. If I could only have got at the beggars, wouldn't I have laid them out!"

"Well, I guess they'll get all that's coming to them," commented Roger, "but why, why, Green, did he cut it down; I don't see that yet."

"I tell you he was mad because I wouldn't let him loaf all day, and because I bounced him, so he sneaked up at night and cut the thing down just out of pure, darned cussedness and spite — confound him! — he and another workman, with Dutton keeping watch."

"Well, what had this kidnaping got to do with that?" asked Maxwell.

"Oh, that's on another tack. That was simply a scheme to get an easy thousand. They thought you fellows would plank down the yellow boys, and I was afraid you would, when I overheard how they'd worked it. That scamp, Dutton, drew up the scheme, but Carr was his right-hand man, and had more nerve than Dutton." Greenapple clenched his fists. "I'll get level with them now for it," he threatened.

"Oh, forget it. They've got trouble enough on their hands now; it's penal servitude for all three of them, you know."

"Well, there's one thing I must do as captain of Henley," Roger announced, "and that is to get a written confession from them, if



I can. I want that so Green can be cleared before all the chaps at Henley. Of course, we all believe in Green, but we want him publicly cleared, eh, Dob? ”

“ Rather,” agreed Dobson and Maxwell together.



## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE CHARADE

It was wonderful how naturally and quickly the boys fell back into school life after their adventurous holiday, and yet more wonderful was the niche Solomon Greenapple appeared to have carved for himself at Henley. That short voyage and holiday appeared, as Dobson put it, "to have made a Henley fellow of Green." The barrier of misunderstanding that had stood between him and his schoolfellows was swept away, and he found himself in sympathy and unison with them. Now and again some of that something, which at Henley went under the name of "edge," would crop out in the red-headed American, but his power of self-control had noticeably increased, and he had, to quote Dobson again, "got himself well in hand."

"I told you so," Roger triumphantly told his chum. "I knew Green would come out all right; we just didn't understand him, that was the trouble."



"Well, I don't see why he was such a beast of a bear at first," complained Dobson.

"Because we baited him a lot, for one thing, but I'm jolly glad we've all of us rounded into shape now, for Green's going to make a bully fine show at Oxford, I know; and, say, Dob, have you noticed him in his outrigger of late?"

"No," drawled Dobson.

"Well, get down to the river good and early one morning, and twig him; it'll do your eyes good."

"So?"

"Bet your sweet life. I watched him, and the way he pulls his sculls through is a wonder. He held Murray to half a length over the full course the other morning, and the old man was extending himself, too."

"I noticed young Hanks has gone back to fag for him," observed Dobson, with a grin.

"Rather, and he's treating the kid all right this time. Hanks swears by him now. By the way, look what I got from Hanks this morning."

"What is it?" demanded Dobson, grabbing the note the captain extended, and reading:

"TO ROGER JACKSON, ESQ., School Captain.

DEAR SIR:—We, the undersigned fags of Murray's House, desire to express our approval



of your bully conduct in chasing down that cad, Dutton, and his gang in North Wales, and also, to show that we think you're an all right skipper. So we hereby invite you and the other seniors of Murray's House to attend an entertainment to be given by the house fags in the junior classroom to-night at 7 sharp, and promise you and the other chaps that you'll have a bang-up time.

Signed,

EDWIN WILLOUGHBY BROX-HANKS.

JAMES KILBY BROOKS.

M. J. F. C. LAMB (now in Murray's).

P. S. We've decided to invite Greenapple, too, because he seems to be trying to be decent."

The seniors laughed.

"All right, we'll have to show up, of course," was Dobson's comment, as he handed the letter back to Roger.

"Certs, and I'm glad the beggars had sense enough to invite Green," concurred the captain.

The junior classroom had been decorated on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted by the fags. Extension had been obtained until ten o'clock, and facing the entrance was a prominent sign advising the visitors, "Spread at half time." A stage had been erected at the



far end, to conceal the supports of which all the available wall maps had been carefully tacked in a long row. A dozen bicycle lamps did duty as footlights, and long sheets concealed the "entrances" on either side. The school motto, "Faith and Courage," was conspicuously displayed at the center.

"I guess we'll need lots of that," commented Roger, as, in company with the other invited guests, he took his seat in the post of honor.

The violent ringing of a bell announced the entertainment was on, and young Brooks advanced briskly towards the center of the stage.

"Now, you chaps," he announced, "the first thing on the programme is a four-round scrap between that new Jew kid, Jacobs, who rather fancies himself with the gloves, and our champion, Fuller, who, of course, as you fellows know, is a grandson of General Fuller, who gave the Afghans fits. It's at catch-weights, and I shall give a decision at the end of the four rounds. Get busy, you chaps."

"The new Jew kid, Jacobs," and his opponent immediately showed they intended to "get busy" by rushing in from each side, and dispensing with the usual formality of a handshake, or any other preamble, commenced to pummel each other furiously, Brooks skip-



ping around and pulling them apart when they clung with too much tenacity in the clinches. It was a hot fight, undoubtedly, but the promised four rounds developed into one prolonged one, as the principals refused to obey the bell, and kept furiously pummeling each other until utterly exhausted, when the referee announced it was "A draw, and now, you fellows, Hanks will sing: 'Love's old, sweet way.' Come on, Hanks."

Some little confusion ensued in the effort to hustle the two combatants off the stage, but eventually this was successfully accomplished, and Mr. Hanks rendered the selection to the satisfaction of all.

"A recitation from Mr. M. J. F. C. Lamb, who has had the sense to get put in our house, and leave those cads at Dole's," was the M. C.'s next announcement. "What're you going to give us, Sheep?"

"Sheep," looking rather sheepish, mumbled he thought he'd recite "Curfew shall not ring to-night," at which announcement serious opposition developed on the part of the chairman, "because it was so bally stale, you know," and eventually the selection was changed to "one he'd made up himself," an alleged satire on one Jones, who was right-hand sleeping mate to the speaker, and who was described as "a



stingy beast." This was received with jubilant shouts, the unfortunate Jones being, apparently, unpopular with all.

"Now then, you fellows, comes the best thing," exclaimed the chairman. "We're going to put on a charade, and you've got to guess what it is. Just keep quiet a bit, and don't begin to shout if we're rather long getting ready, and, anyway, you're going to have something now to wet your whistles with. Pass the pop around, Halford and Wheeler; it's all you've got to do to-night, and don't drink any yourselves first, until you see if there's enough to go round."

This highly popular intermission was a great success; in fact, it had scarcely concluded when the chairman announced:

"All ready, keep quiet, here they come!"

A most astonishing apparition limped upon the stage from "the wings." It appeared to be a feathered thing, but its legs were encased in some sort of a leather covering, and from each foot projected four quill pens. It had no arms, but from its rear a great feather duster projected rakishly. A partially opened umbrella, from which the handle had been removed, and on which had been painted two eyes, enveloped the thing's head. This grotesque apparition stumbled lamely across the



stage from left to right, remained in hiding a brief moment, and then advanced towards the center again. There it settled calmly down, at the same time uttering loud sounds, imitative of a rooster's crowing. Immediately there were shouts of disapproval from the wings, and an authoritative voice proclaimed: "Stop that, Banks, you idiot; you must cackle, not crow," whereat the sounds degenerated into a series of heart-breaking cackles. "That's enough," commanded the same voice, "don't stay there forever; come off, and don't forget to leave it." The apparition arose leaving behind it, as it waddled off the stage, three white eggs — that is, there were three, but unfortunately, in the excitement, it stepped on one oval, and instantly the floor was stained a rich, golden yellow, at which disaster there were more exclamations of disapproval, "Idiot," "Silly ass," etc.

"Now, that means something; we've given you two syllables, and you've got to guess what they are," explained the stage manager, "and here's the next one."

Three boys in gymnasium suits bounded briskly to the center. Two stood back to back, their legs were thrown far forward, their hands grasped a swinging ring above their heads. The third boy firmly enfolded his hands



about one waist, his legs about the other, remaining thus a full thirty seconds.

"Oh, that's easy, an A," came cries from the audience.

"Ah, but you haven't got the first two," jeered the worthy chairman.

"Something to do with a cock or a fowl," some one suggested.

"Or eggs," cried another.

"Well, you remember it all, and wait," came the command.

Immediately following his words came a crowd of four youngsters, all laughing boisterously. They seated themselves in the center, and laughed and laughed and laughed. That was all they did, but the laughter was contagious, and soon the entire audience was holding its sides.

"That's another syllable," yelled the M. C., as soon as he could make his voice heard above the din. "Have you got it?"

"Something about laughing, of course," called back a boy.

"'Tisn't, 't isn't," repudiated the manager. "Now get ready for the next."

"The next" was a very simple affair. A small can of condensed milk was solemnly deposited upon the stage, and as solemnly left there, while the audience gazed in wonder.



"That's one," shouted young Brooks, as he retrieved the can; "have you got it?"

"A fowl, a laugh, an A and a tin," muttered Dobson to his chum. "I can't make much of that, can you, Yank?"

"That isn't a tin, I think. It might be a can and the fowl a hen," suggested Roger.

Next a cricket cap was tossed upon the stage, and then ten boys marched in solemn step across the boards.

"There," shouted the chairman, "those are the syllables of the words, and now we'll put the whole on, and then see if you get it. Get busy with the pop if there's any left, because it'll take a minute or so to fix the whole up."

It took nearly fifteen minutes to present the whole, during which interval the audience discussed the possible solutions of the charade. Then a grotesque figure stalked on, and as it did so, Roger leaped from his seat.

"My best suit!" he yelled, in accusing wrath. "I wondered where it had gone to; I looked for it everywhere."

"Quiet, quiet, please be quiet, Jackson; he won't hurt it," pleaded the worthy chairman. "Try and think what it is."

"No doubt about it," muttered the captain, as he subsided into his seat, "it's my best suit."



"Ah, an idea," exclaimed Dauncy, leaning forward and whispering a few words to Roger.

The figure on the stage stalked back and forth. Then it took from its pocket a small American flag and tacked it to the back drapery. Then it posed itself. It was dressed in the captain's best suit; it had the captain's cap upon its head, it even attempted to imitate the captain's walk and carriage. Its face had been rouged and powdered, and a smudge of charcoal rubbed across its upper lip. It was evidently intended to represent Roger Jackson. It stalked off. The charade was concluded.

"Now guess, all of you, what it is," invited the chairman.

A great babel arose from the spectators. Every one talked at the same time.

"A fowl lays a laughing tin of milk — can't see anything in that, eh?" demanded the perplexed Dobson, his expressionless face puckered up into a map of Ireland.

"What's the last thing; where does Jackson and the American flag come in?" demanded another.

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, permit me to hazard a guess," sounded Dauncy's voice, and as soon as silence was obtained, "It is Henley's American Captain," he said.

"Right! Right! How did you guess it?"



Good! All right!" came the cries from the performers.

"It is thus," solemnly pronounced the Murray House debater. "Hen-lays-a-merry-can-cap-ten. Henley's American Captain."

Tremendous hubbub ensued, amidst which cries of "Right, right you are, sir," assured the guesser his solution was correct.

"I'd have got it, I think, if they hadn't put that old tin of milk on. Who'd have thought of calling that a can?" complained Dobson.

"Those chaps all laughing put me off," confessed Bradbury.

"They formed the 'merry,'" said Greenapple, standing up and shaking the captain's hand. "Quite a compliment, I'm sure, Jackson."

The captain was on his feet now, and instantly cries of "A speech. A speech!" resounded through the room.

"Oh, there's no time for a speech," shouted Roger, "but I want to thank you fellows — all of you; it was rattling well done, and as Greenapple says, quite a compliment. I forgive you now for cribbing my suit."

"Ten o'!" came the stentorian shout of Sergeant Glum, and with more cheers for Henley's American Captain, the company broke up.



## CHAPTER XXXVI

### FINALE — UNDER TWO FLAGS

ONCE more it was Speech Day at Henley.

The long term was at an end, and now the summer vacation loomed joyously before the boys.

It was Roger's and Dobson's last day at the old school. It was many another boy's, too. A strong contingent of Henley boys left this break-up to take their places at the universities or in the great world outside. Green-apple would remain until Christmas, and then go on to Oxford. So would Maxwell, but Dobson was going straight to Sandhurst, and Roger to join his father in India.

There was a great gathering of the boys and their friends. Hamenchelt was alive with the college colors, and the gray old pile of Henley was gay with masses of red and black; while above it all, pointing high into the cloudless, blue sky for one hundred and seventy feet, reared a great pole. It was the new flagstaff, subscribed for by the college boys.



From all over the grounds came a babel of shouts and cries, as the juniors raced excitedly about, and the seniors conducted their people from interest point to interest point.

Presently from out of the cool, inviting shade of the college "Classic" a strong party of seniors came strolling across the quadrangle towards the flagstaff.

There was Roger Jackson, gorgeous in all the full regalia of captain's uniform (it would be the last time he would wear it). Then came Dobson, in company with the three other house captains, with their insignia of office, and a mixed house crowd of the seniors of Henley. There was Andrew Cossock-Cossock, and Bradbury, and "toothpick" Dauncy, looking taller and thinner than ever, and there was Solomon Greenapple, now resplendent in an all-black Eton jacket and silk hat — Henley's full dress. The red-headed American appeared to be uneasy, however. "I felt like a dressed-up monkey," he wrote back to his father at home. Dauncy, with whom he was walking, slipped his arm into his, and escorted him — an oddly assorted couple.

"Come on, Green, be a trump, and oblige the fellows," he urged.

At the base of the new flagstaff the party halted. From the playing field and playground



came a babel of shouts. The captain spoke to his fag, young Brooks, who placed a bugle to his lips, and sent out an authoritative blast. It was the captain's call for a general assembly. Again and again the bugle sounded, and at each blare the din from the surrounding fields became less, while by twos and threes, by sixes and dozens, all Henley came trooping into the quadrangle, accompanied by their visiting friends, and from a window here and a doorway there, the black-gowned form of some master emerged into view.

"The flag-raising! The flag-raising!" the cry ran all around, and as soon as order was obtained the elongated figure of Augustus Dauncy was discerned mounted upon a barrel draped with the school colors.

He was greeted by a thunder of deafening cheers, which gradually subsided, as he stood waiting with upraised hand, for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and his voice was heard in every corner of the quadrangle, for Dauncy had all the tricks of the orator at his command, with a magnificent range of voice. "First on behalf of the boys of Henley I want to thank you for attending to witness their flag-raising. We Henley fellows always like to have our friends with us when we do anything of importance, you know,



and really this is an important occasion for Henley. Important to all Henley, and more important, perhaps, to one boy here, in particular.

“Ladies and gentlemen, for one whole term we have been without a flagstaff, and for one whole term the school has missed its staff. Now we have one subscribed for by voluntary contribution from the entire school, and it is to take the place of a staff presented to Henley last term by one of our number — Greenapple — who now stands by my side. We have requested him to raise the flag, or rather, flags, I should say, for we intend, out of compliment to him, to raise the flags of two nations side by side — the ensigns of Great Britain and the United States. We intend, ladies and gentlemen, that Henley shall spend the last day of this term under the flags of two nations — the two greatest and most progressive nations on this globe (Great cheering).

“All we boys are familiar with the history of the last flagstaff presented to us by Greenapple, but some of you visitors may not be (Cries of “Shame, shame!”). Yes, it was a shame, gentlemen — a shame in more ways than one. A shame that the pole was cut down, and a shame that we undertook to fasten the blame for the outrage upon the generous donor



(Hear, hear, sir). I do not wish on this great day, when so many of us are leaving, to cast a shadow upon the festivities, so I will say no more, except to tender to Solomon Greenapple, on behalf of all Henley, its sincere regret that it cast any suspicion upon him. I hold in my hand a paper signed by every boy in this college, in which that regret is expressed. I will not read it, for it is lengthy and goes into details, but believe me, ladies and gentlemen, it is sincere, and unless we boys had been sincere we would not have taken this public way of expressing our regret (Terrific applause).

“Now ladies and gentlemen, and you fellows, as a compliment to the donor of the demolished flagstaff, we propose to do something that has never been done at this college before, but we have the doctor’s authority for it; we propose to hoist side by side with our own Union Jack the Stars and Stripes of the United States (Great applause and long-continued cheering).

“Many of us boys are saying good-by to the old school to-day. This is our last day at Henley. The captain goes. The house captains go, but it matters not (Yes, yes). No, no, gentlemen. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out, you know. We had requested Doctor Proctor to address you on this occasion,



but his reply was that the flagstaff had always been a boys' affair, and he disliked to make a new precedent by any interference. I may say, however, that our proceedings here to-day have his unqualified sanction.

“It appears to me, ladies and gentlemen, that this dual flag-raising is particularly appropriate. This very month the United States Secretary of State and the British Ambassador at Washington have, as all of you are aware, signed an unqualified treaty of everlasting peace between these two nations. Henceforth the British Empire and the United States will dwell in peace. What fitter celebration of this momentous event could we at Henley make than by hoisting our own red, battle-scarred ensign — ‘the flag that’s braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze’ — with the starry banner of our great sister across the Atlantic. God bless that starry banner, ‘and long may it wave o’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.’

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Solomon Greenapple, one of our American students, who will hoist the flags — all ready, Greenapple.”

Greenapple stepped smartly to the halyards. The two immense ensigns had previously been bent on, and next moment their gorgeous



colors were waving in the soft summer breeze, as they climbed up, up, up, on different halyards, side by side on the same pole to the summit of Henley College flagstaff, and there stayed, a fitting celebration of the peace that must ever reign between the people of the United States and those of Great Britain.

The great day was over at last, and Henley was fast becoming a deserted place. In the snug corner of the sixth form classroom a little knot of Henley fellows were gathered bidding each other good-by. There was the captain, and Dobson and Maxwell, and Greenapple, and Dauncy and Cossock and Bradbury. In the main hall were piled many trunks.

“Good-by, old chaps,” the captain said, almost unsteadily.

“Good-by, Yank, old boy,” mumbled Dobson. “Wonder when we shall meet again?”

“Good-by, Green, old man.”

“Good-by, Jackson, good-by, and — and thanks for what you’ve done for me.”

“Good-by — good-by — good-by — ”

The seniors left one by one, with a hand-grip and good wishes, and presently only Dobson and his chum were there.

“What time does your boat sail, Yank?” inquired Dobson dolefully.

“Seven-thirty, old man.”



"Just about the time I'm getting home. I shall be thinking of you then, old boy. Wonder when we shall meet again, Yank?"

"Never fear, Dob, we'll meet again, sure," came the cheery response, and with a last grip, Henley's captain had gone.

Dobson fumbled in his pocket and busied himself with a timetable.

Little did the boy know under what dramatic circumstances his next meeting with the captain would be, and little did Roger Jackson imagine, as, from the rail of his steamer, he watched the night gloom swallow up the receding shore of the Isle of Wight, that the next meeting with his chum would spell life or death to him.

THE END.







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